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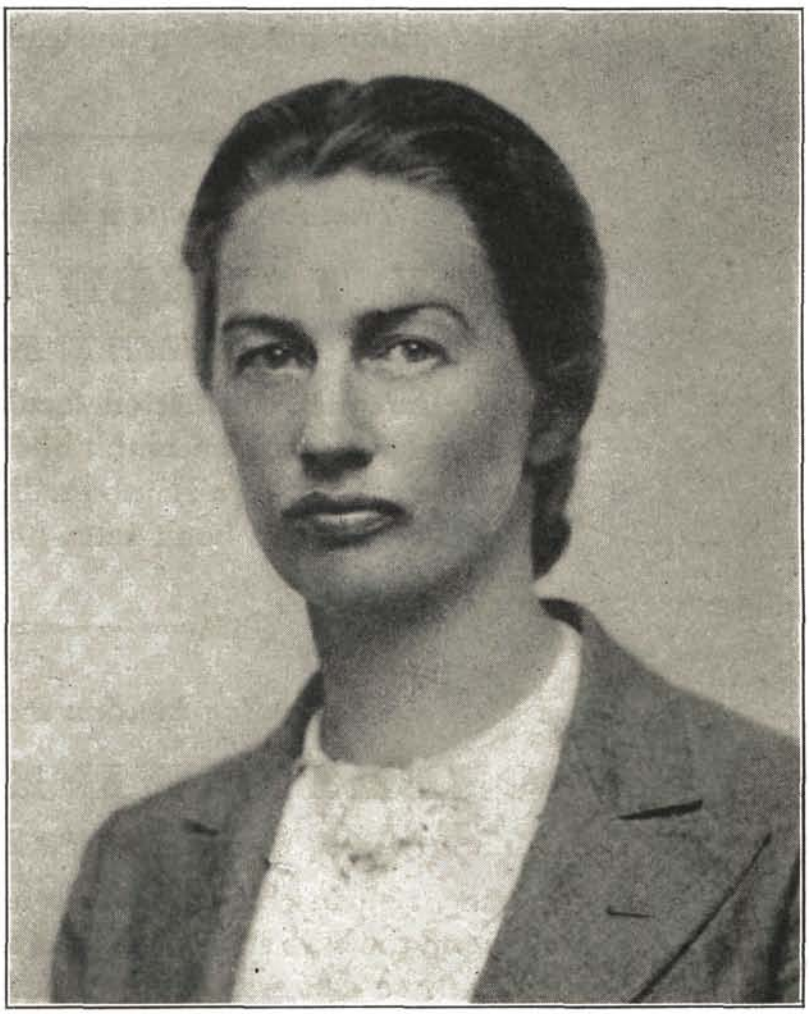

CHRISTINA STEAD

"All the clients are rich and vicious, or rich and ill, or rich and foolish. No one starves except an eccentric millionaire, who will eat only porridge." . . . *(See page 5)*

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Bryce's America: 1888-1938

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

"What gives the work its lasting value . . . is Bryce's grasp and understanding of democracy." (Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, in the nineties.)

THERE are some books which in the landscape of literature or scholarship stand out like mountain peaks towering above their fellows, and seem almost as eternal. For the most part these deal with the abiding verities rather than with new discoveries or contemporary events. The latter class may be immensely important as to information or influence in their day, but if they survive they are likely to do so as original sources of antiquarian or historical interest for a few scholars rather than a living force acting on the many. In the field of government the number of books which have lasted permanently are comparatively limited, such as Aristotle's "Politics," Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," and "The Federalist," to mention only three, in spite of the vast amount of writing on political matters. At the end of the half-century since its publication, what can we say of Bryce's "American Commonwealth"?

Since it appeared there have been many important works written on the subject which must be read to supplement it, but in my opinion it yet remains the most fundamentally important one of all for those who would understand America and its form of government. It dates, of course. We read of our population being 60,000,000, of there being forty-three States and five territories, and, oh happy days, of there being only seven States which had to raise by taxation more than $2,000,000 each, and of there being no income taxes or other direct Federal taxes. We also read that the government had paid off two-thirds of its post Civil War debt, and that the difficulty was an excess of income from the tariff which was levied for commercial, not fiscal, reasons and so left uncomfortable surpluses. It is evident that the book was written in times very different from our own.

If it had been merely a photograph or a statistical record of 1888 it would be as hopelessly out-of-date, although perhaps as useful to the student as the census of that year. There are considerable sections of the volumes which have only such a historical interest, but what gives the work its lasting value and predominating position yet among books on American government is Bryce's grasp and understanding of democracy and its relation to the principles of the particular form of government which it evolved for itself in the United States.

Each generation has its special problems, and in the present alarm over the effect of aeroplanes on Britain's insular position the fearful may ponder Bryce's reference, fifty years ago, to the fact that "Britain, so long safe in her insular home, has lost some of her security by the growth of steam navies." Steam navies, war planes—these we may call the accidents of the problem of each generation. But human nature abides, qualities and principles abide; and it is because Bryce understood and wrote of these that his book also abides, and is likely long to do so.

Although constantly using sections of them for reference, I have just reread all the volumes in their entirety, and can think of no more valuable exercise for those who have lost their faith in democracy and individualism or who accept the popular notion that all problems are new, and that the past has nothing to teach. When they were written, for example, the radio had not been invented, but although it has become perhaps the most important factor in the creation of public opinion, what Bryce had to say about public opinion remains singularly true today, because he was dealing with lasting qualities in human nature rather than with mechanical means of operating on them. The same is true of his treatment of the rise of the professional politician in America, of his characteristics and functions in our democracy. Such sections of his work have the abiding quality of the thinking of an Aristotle or a Plato. It is dateless.

It might, indeed, be worth a publisher's while to bring out a condensed edition in which the "dated" portions are left out and the generalized sections on democracy and our constitution are retained. Both democracy and America never had a better friend than Bryce, but because he understood human nature and was a clear thinker he realized the dangers for both. What he has to say, for example, on the checks and balances of our constitution are of permanent value. Nowhere is there to be found a better account of the necessity and function of the Supreme Court, yet he laid his finger on its one weakness when he pointed out that some day there might be a possibility of a President and a Congress agreeing to pack it and thus destroy its importance and independence.

Other passages of like value are those in which he writes of the balance between the Executive and the Legislature. This balance has shifted many times in our history and is likely to shift many times again. At the time Bryce wrote, as a few years earlier Woodrow Wilson had written in his best book, "Congressional Government," the danger seemed to be that

Next Week

SAVE AMERICA FIRST
By JEROME FRANK
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

MAY FLAVIN
By MYRON BRINIG
Reviewed by James Gray

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Congress would strip the President of power. A half century earlier the reverse had appeared to be the danger under Andrew Jackson. A half century after Bryce we have the current situation of today, and we may recall his remark that "the weakness of Congress is the strength of the President." On the other hand, we may note that up to the time Bryce was observing us no President had been so powerful as Lincoln with his war powers, and none had been so helpless before Congress as his successor, Johnson.

Some of the best passages of the book are those in which he speaks of the Presidential office and the possibility of a President making himself a dictator. He points to the steady centralization of government in Washington, but suggests that public opinion has always caused a readjustment of balance after a crisis, such as the Civil War, had upset it. That was equally true of the crisis of the World War under Wilson, which Bryce did not live to comment on. We are today in another crisis in which concentration of power, the Supreme Court, and the balance between departments of government are all involved. We cannot yet see the outcome, but it is a proof of the vitality and lasting quality of "The American Commonwealth" that I know of no other book better worth reading at present to get a sane point of view on our problems of fifty years later.

Somewhat unfortunately, Bryce tried to combine a study of American democracy and government with too much that was merely a picture of America in his day. The latter portions are out of date but the former remain, and probably long will do so, classical. They cannot be outdated; and the work, written for an entirely different purpose and filling a quite different niche from "The Federalist," remains, after a half century, probably the most important single one with which a thoughtful American considering the problems of our own times should be familiar. It would be easy, did space permit, to point to some errors, such as the author's opinion that the Constitution could not be easily amended, although he saw, what many later writers apparently do not, that the Constitution was a living organism and undergoing constant change by methods other than formal amendment. These errors, however, are usually slight in importance and if we smelt off some of these and the out-of-date historical portions, there remains a large body of pure ore which makes a lasting classic. The work may be condensed or brought up to date, but it remains in the company of "The Federalist." one of the few books which everyone who wishes to understand or intelligently to discuss American problems must still master. That can be said of no other book of the period in which it was written.

The Youngest Muse

The following poems were written by seniors in the Brearley School of New York City and submitted in the annual school poetry contest. Stephen Vincent Benét, who judged the competition, writes, "These poems seem to me not only good work in themselves, judged by any standard, but extremely interesting as representing two very different kinds of poetry—both successfully and tellingly executed by their respective authors." *The Saturday Review* is glad to print them as samples of what the youngest poets are thinking about and writing about. Mary Rinehart and Maria Kidder are both residents of New York City. The former is the daughter of Stanley M. Rinehart and the granddaughter of Mary Roberts Rinehart.

August in the New All-Glass General Motors Plant at Linden, New Jersey

By Mary Rinehart

THIS a most modern of factories
This made of glass smooth and grey
This shining eye back to glistening eye at the sun
Is lovely.
Visitors say so. Visitors say
How many cars pass by
Each man on the line per minute? My.
How warm it is but how cheery.
The sun shining on the fresh painted
Cars is really quite lovely
Isn't it Harry dear.

The paint-oven is lovely.
The horn testing section is lovely.
Lovely are the salt-tablets the men are warned to eat.

The air is pulsing
With the beat
Beat
Of brass on brass.

The air like milk has curdled
Into solid heat.
(And always the sun pushing through the glass
As easily as knives through silk.)

Yet no wind can enter there
No wind from cool hills
No soft coil of wind against sweat-lathered hair,
No wind from secret places in the wood
Born of the cool breath of violets
And burdened with the scent of fresh black furrows
And thick-crumbling earth.

(But always the sun pushing through the glass
As easily as knives through silk.)

Those of the men who used to know
What it is to carry pails of milk
Out from a shadowy barn in the September
Dusk towards a lighted window
In Mississippi Idaho
Cannot long remember.

Easily forgotten is the silver rust
Of hoar-frost on the fence rails
Like a far white line of surf
Or how chill and clear the rain
Fell in Texas Kansas Maine.
Here where the heat is a thick living thing
Looping its heavy length on head and limb
Half-blocking the nostrils
Clogging the breath
Blunting the ring
Of steel on steel,
Here by the paint-furnace
By the hot-air blowers
Or on the assembly-line
It is hard to recall that the rain in Virginia
Fell chill and clear
Like wine.

Here it is easy to forget
Here by the chattering drills.
No wind can enter here
No wind from cool hills.

A Birth in the Family

By Maria Kidder

THE room was silent that night,
The big room where we used to play
Was hushed in shadows, and the light
From the pale November moon,
Fell on the bed
In which we lay
And bathed my sister's golden head.

I listened to the dull stroke
Of the old clock; it seemed so loud.
A dog's sharp bark, a whistle broke
Through the stillness; I felt sad
And tears undried
Rolled down, I bowed
My head, and wretchedly I cried.

I heard steps on the stairs
I watched a light creep round the floor
That made the shadows move, and there
Stood my father with a lamp,
Big and black
Within the door.
He came and set me on his back.

I went where there was light.
I blinked because I could not see.
The air was warm, the room was bright.
I looked into a little crib;
A new-born child
Looked up at me.
I sucked the crib's bars, and I smiled.

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Parisian Panorama

THE HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS. By Christina Stead. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ELLIOT PAUL

FEW present-day writers attempt a canvas of such magnitude as Miss Stead's. International banking is a field which has been surrounded by a great deal of hokum and mystery. Miss Stead makes its personalities as vivid as James Farrell's Chicago Irish.

At the head of the Banque Mercure in Paris is Jules Bertillon, a slip-shod, conceited, but presentable young man who has all the instincts of a gambler and none of a builder. William, his brother, is the balance-weight, who does most of the work and feels all the responsibility. Alphendery, an Alsatian communist, is the brains of the institution, an impractical Jew who is discontented with what he is doing, has an affection for Jules but no regard for his mind. Raccamond, who works himself into the job with all the subservience of the toady, has been a white-slaver and has been through several bankruptcies in preparation for his career as customer's man. Jules's enemy is a French politician named Jacques Carriere, who wants to break Bertillon because both of them are rated at about three hundred millions.

None of these people expects anything but trickery from the others. Alphendery, who has no fortune, is the possible exception. The others, who have money or want it in huge quantities, know that their associates will stoop to anything, that they will lick boots in a manner unworthy of an Algerian rug pedlar, that it is practically impossible for them to tell the truth, that stealing and spying and selling out to the enemy is second nature to them. Miss Stead performs the feat of describing such men and their actions objectively and without indignation. The women in the book are matter-of-fact and predatory; the whores of all prices are true to type.

The opening chapter is an epic of vulgarity—not on the part of the author, whose delicacy is Olympian. Henri Leon, grain merchant, out for an evening collects a flock of women, gives them little, gets nothing from them. Complete, meaningless waste—and still the same man, on another plane, conceives a commercial and political maneuver as delicate and powerful as a Beethoven symphony. Not only would it make him millions but it would even help people everywhere. Leon appeals to Jules to go in with him on the deal, and one of the most interesting episodes of the book results. Jules makes a hash of it. Leon cries to heaven. No millions are made and no starving nations get wheat or credit.

The book is a long one, only because the scope is large. I was held by it to the highest pitch of excitement. There is a long list of characters published in the back pages, merchants, servants, lawyers, clients, even a poet or two. That should not cause the reader alarm. The story is so well constructed, with such originality and force, that the main characters stand out clearly. There is nothing in the book except human beings and their activities, few descriptions of scenery or interior decorations, few doses of author's philosophy. The pages are filled with conversations and concise stage directions. The essence of Miss Stead's art is dialogue. She makes her characters articulate, preserves the difference between them, makes use of their rhythms of speech, and is never in too much of a hurry. The emotional tension of the story rises and falls magnificently. This she accomplishes without padding or shorthand. There are passages which one would swear have been translated from the French, but on close examination it appears that the exact meaning could not have been conveyed another way.

"The House of All Nations," named for a famous Paris bordel which makes a perfect symbol, is packed with memorable scenes, flashes of wit, almost everything except pathos. What is pathetic is the waste, is the inability of these surfeited men and grasping women to enjoy life or even to understand it. The victims are not widows and orphans. All the clients are rich and vicious, or rich and ill, or rich and foolish. No one starves except an eccentric millionaire, who will eat only porridge.

In this limited space it is impossible to do justice to Miss Stead's book. I only hope to convey that it is interesting and almost inexhaustible. Miss Stead possesses an immense vocabulary from which triteness only is missing, and she uses it with the utmost simplicity. Having a knowledge of her subject gained by five years of intense application of a brilliant mind, she has perfect poise but no desire to display erudition.

Miss Stead is in America, at work on a book with an American setting. Everyone interested in reading or writing should be glad to welcome her and salute her.

Elliot Paul is the author of "Concert Pitch," a novel laid in Paris, where he lived for several years, and of "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town."

Fun without Farce

SUMMER HALF. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN place of the customary disclaimer directed against the laws of libel, this book offers the modest statement: "It seems to me extremely improbable that any such school, masters, or boys could ever have existed." At first the reader may be inclined to agree with her; but that is, on reflection, only a tribute to the author's keenness of observation. For one may paraphrase Degas's immortal response to the lady who asked him why he painted such ugly women, when he replied "Mais, madame, les femmes en general sont laides!" by saying that human beings in general *are* improbable. It is Miss Thirkell's special gift that she can be funny without being farcical, simply by putting down the cross-purposes of everyday conversations, the passing but acute contretemps of ordinary social life, and the entertaining peculiarities of people who would seem to a less sharp-eyed observer to have no peculiarities.

Angela Thirkell

Since she does not deal in the artificiality of epigrams, it is hard to find a passage brief enough to show her manner. To do herself real justice she needs a broader canvas, like the chapter at the beginning in which the young hero has heroically and idiotically decided not to be a burden on his prosperous parents by studying law as he wants to do, but to begin schoolmastering so as to earn money at once; and in which, trying to announce his grave decision to his family, he finds it entirely impossible to get anybody's attention for two minutes,—and in which his martyrdom is taken for granted anyway. But Colin's misguided self-sacrifice turns out very pleasant for him and us. It introduces us to a sardonic headmaster and his pretty daughter; to various schoolboys, some good-naturedly impudent and one of them the unworldly grind who manages simultaneously to flood the house and set it afire while studying Greek; to river picnics and pleasant scenes. And they are all portrayed in a style whose sparkle is as different from the sparkle of mere epigram as that of spring water from champagne, and as much more refreshing.

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All the Perfumes of Arabia

D'ANNUNZIO. By Tom. Antongini. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

ALTHOUGH a fairly representative group of d'Annunzio's works has been translated into English, he has never been a popular figure either in England or here. For this there are two reasons. D'Annunzio was undoubtedly a consummate master of Italian prose, the greatest in modern times, and his work is well nigh untranslatable. To read d'Annunzio in French or English is to miss the music, the beauty, the exuberant verbal ingenuity, which are his sole literary *raison d'être*. Further, he has of necessity been severely bowdlerized, even in the French versions of his three most important novels, so that the very essence of his frank, esthetic, passionate sensuality is lost to all but readers of Italian. In other words, he might have been read for his style or his sexual daring, or both, but neither has been rendered by his translators.

In these circumstances the question arises as to why any human being who is not Italian would like to read a volume of nearly six hundred pages by d'Annunzio's secretary, in which it is difficult to understand whether Tom. Antongini is hero-worshipping or being a valet to his master. The phrase that no man is a hero to his valet is not correct in this instance. D'Annunzio is always a hero to Tom. Antongini; in fact he is referred to throughout as the Poet (with a capital P). We have never yet been informed as to the kind of perfume, shaving soap, or pajamas used by such nonentities as Shakespeare, Goethe, Beethoven, and Nietzsche. Fortunately this information about D'Annunzio is available.

D'Annunzio is most particular about his personal appearance. I think that, had he nothing better to do, he would be entirely happy bathing, dressing and spraying himself with perfume from morning until night. . . . He uses on an average a pint of "Eau de Coty" daily and a perfume bottle of ordinary size may last only five or six days. In his youth his taste ran to "Crab-Apple"; at the time of the Villa Capponcina it was "Acqua Nuntia," . . . "Mousee de Diane," Atkinson's "Virelle," "Chypre," "Borgia," and "Toute la Forêt" have all, at various periods, been his favorite perfume. At the Vittoriale he favors "Peau d'Espagne," prepared specially by the Maison Coty.

It is interesting to know that "he changes his shirts so frequently that his servants are as likely as not only to refresh them with an iron and replace them with the tiers of others." It is a relief to know that d'Annunzio seldom wore jewels but he has presented precious stones and metals to the value of half a million lire to friends of both sexes. I may explain that the secretary is the person who uses the expression "friends of both sexes." Unfortunately, apparently, d'Annunzio never had a friend of any sex. He could not stand male society, and it is a fair inference that a man who cannot stand men can hardly have a friend. On the other hand, d'Annunzio had a number of women who could hardly be described as his friends nor as his victims. They could not be his victims because he held that it was inconceivable for a woman to have any feelings that mattered. In addition to his various activities as a pre-Fascist Fascist, d'Annunzio, as reported by his secretary, found himself in the curious position of incessantly spending money to get away from men who might see through him and getting away from women who were incapable of doing so.

It has generally been felt that Gabriele D'Annunzio hardly distinguished himself in his relationship with Eleanore Duse. We readers of "Il Fuoco" have been misled, according to Mr. Antongini. Duse, it seems, was a cheap actress, never on the same level as the Poet. Consequently it would be absurd to criticize d'Annunzio for his brave and gallant relations with an inferior woman who was on the stage. To an impartial mind it might seem that the Poet should have been on the stage and La Duse somewhere else. Unfortunately the stage upon which the Poet strutted was Italy; fortunately the strutter wrote an incomparably beautiful Italian. One's appreciation of d'Annunzio's writing should not be affected by the fact that he could not write without drooling. His salivation was so copious that he generally had five handkerchiefs to dry his mouth as he drooled over his compositions. Up to date, we have no statistics to indicate the amount of saliva used by Beethoven in the composition of the Fifth Symphony. But, then, Beethoven does not seem to have had a secretary; in fact I'm not sure that he had a parlor maid. As a result we shall never know so much about him as we now can find out about Gabriele d'Annunzio.

"The stage upon which the Poet strutted was Italy" . . . (d'Annunzio, right, with Mussolini.)

Operatic Genius

PUCCINI AMONG FRIENDS. By Vincent Seligman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT A. SIMON

THERE isn't yet any biography of Giacomo Puccini comparable to Francis Toye's magnificent chronicle of Giuseppe Verdi, but Vincent Seligman's "Puccini among Friends" offers a shrewd, intimate, and fairly comprehensive view of an operatic genius in action—and in inaction. Mr. Seligman's mother, whom her son has sketched charmingly in this book, received hundreds of letters from Puccini. They were the candid letters of a man to a woman whom he respected and trusted; and around this correspondence, Mr. Seligman has constructed a useful and engaging history of Puccini, his operas, and his opera libretti.

Readers of Specht's "Giacomo Puccini" (Mr. Seligman spanks this volume occasionally, and not unjustly) and Adami's "Letters of Giacomo Puccini" may not discover many new biographical revelations in Mr. Seligman's book. The outlines of Puccini's career are simple, and the important facts evidently have always been reasonably accessible. But Mr. Seligman furnishes scores of details and anecdotes that fill out the picture of the man.

"The characteristic note," says Mr. Seligman, referring to the letters, "is what might be termed one of 'humorous despair.'" Puccini was, in his way, a perfectionist, and he rarely placed the Italian equivalent of "O. K." on anything,

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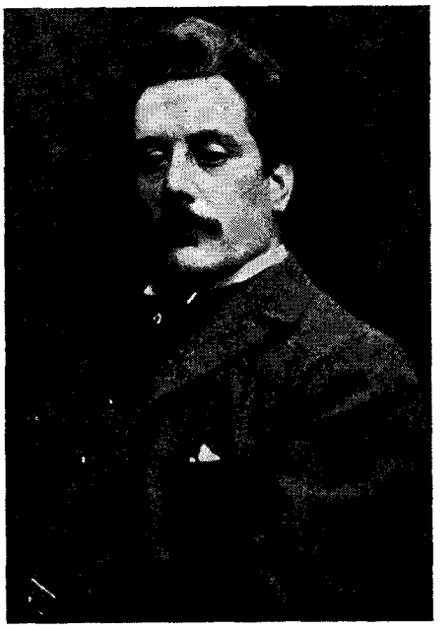

Puccini—"in his way, a perfectionist."

including his own efforts. He managed, however, to cover his despair over the difference between things as they were and things as they should have been with a quirky humor that usually took the form of playing with words. He had an entertaining trick of reducing his punishment to a pun. I'd quote some of the Puccini puns if it weren't that the best ones require explanations which Mr. Seligman supplies admirably but which would extend this report into a pamphlet.

As shop talk, the volume is grand (I'm a push-over for the professional comments of any expert). Puccini was in constant libretto trouble, and Mrs. Seligman found her mail full of his struggles with stories that wouldn't turn into operas and librettists who couldn't turn in a satisfactory "book." I can sympathize with the gentlemen who wrote apparently viable material, only to have Puccini demand continual alterations and then to have him abandon the project. Yet this toughness with librettists accounts for the dramatic durability of his operas—and their perennial (so far!) box-office values. Curiously, Mr. Seligman's chapter, "Tragic Interruption," which tells of the misfortunes and death of a maid in the Puccini household, could have been the basis of a notable Puccini libretto. And his suggestion that there is a reflection of this episode in "Turandot" seems entirely sound.

Mr. Seligman has suppressed certain of Puccini's criticisms of living people (guiltily, I wish he hadn't), and he sometimes wrecks the effect of his narrative by anticipating high spots instead of letting them develop. One can tell him how he should have written his book. But if one enjoys the operas of Puccini, one will simply read it.

Mr. Simon is music critic of The New Yorker.

Parasites on Labor

LABOR CZARS: A History of Labor Racketeering. By Harold Seidman. New York: Liveright. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

MOST books on labor racketeering have been marred by their undue sensationalism and by a violent anti-union bias. Mr. Seidman's sober and careful case history has neither of these faults. The author is a sincere believer not only in trade unionism, but in a labor party as well, but he correctly believes that labor's friends have an obligation to reveal the cancer which, unfortunately, has eaten deeply into certain sets of unions. Mr. Seidman not only tells the old stories of Sam Parks and Skinny Madden, "Pinhead" McCarthy, Brindell, O'Donnell, Brandle, and Comerford, but he also goes into the tangled and unsavory abuses in the electrical, painters, food, and restaurant workers unions in New York, and the bold corruption of Tommy Maloy and Sam Kaplan, the erstwhile bosses of the motion picture operators in Chicago and New York respectively.

The sources of graft which these racketeers tap are many. One of the most important is the power of business agents in many unions, particularly in the building industry, to call strikes without referring the issue to their membership. To avoid this danger, many employers feel forced to pay regular as well as special tribute, while others are able to keep their concerns from being unionized by stuffing the pockets of the union officials. In the case of moving pictures, the threat of stench bombs has caused many owners of theaters to pay liberally. In other cases, as in some of the building trades, an association of employers has combined with the union bosses to prevent employers outside the ring who want to hire union men from obtaining them, and thus have formed monopolies which have boosted prices. There are other closely allied instances, such as the cleaning and dyeing industry in certain cities, where the union has been used as an enforcing agency to keep employers from cutting prices.

But the predaciousness of many union officials does not stop here. The workers themselves are often mulcted by being forced to pay high dues and special assessments which go to provide large salaries and lavish gifts to the leaders. Kaplan and Maloy practised the nefarious "permit" system, in which large numbers of non-union men were permitted to work on condition that they paid the czar from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars down and turned over twenty per cent of their wages to him. This was done when many competent union men were unable to get work. The leaders are able, in these instances, to keep in power not only by terrorizing the rank and file with sluggers and gunmen, but also by denying work to those members who protest, and by expelling them should they become too obdurate.

Mr. Seidman finds that the roots of labor racketeering are deep; that pure and simple "business" unionism often tends in that direction; and that business men, while frequently unwilling victims of shakedowns, also often foster the racketeers to protect themselves from their competitors and to extract larger profits from the public. There is no doubt that a large section of unionism does need reform badly, and that men of the stamp of Thomas E. Dewey are invaluable in cleaning up some of the worst abuses. It should not be forgotten, however, that some unions, such as the International Typographical Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, have an almost impeccable record for honesty, and that the labor movement still retains many men with the rugged integrity of John Fitzpatrick, the long-time President of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who still lives in the stockyards district and rides the surface lines to work.

Mr. Seidman proposes some very simple rules of protection to which all honest men would probably agree, namely, (1) that no one convicted of bribery or fraud should be allowed to hold office in a union; (2) that all unions must periodically submit complete printed financial statements to their members; and (3) that no member should be expelled without a majority vote of the local union, and should then have the right to appeal to the courts without losing his union status in the meanwhile. The reviewer feels that two other practices of unions should at least be discouraged, namely: (1) The calling of strikes and the using of pickets to maintain prices for the employers. This would not seem to be a proper matter for concern on the part of the unions. (2) The growing custom in some trades of not trying to induce workers to join unions voluntarily, but using instead all kinds of pressure against employers so that they will compel the workers to join. In these cases, the workers feel no loyalty to the union, but instead regard themselves as captives within it, and are sometimes bled by the officers.

It is greatly to be hoped that the leaders of the labor movement will take this book to heart, and that they will try to rid the movement of the corruptionists. For as long as such abuses exist on the scale which they do, the moral authority of the movement will be weakened.

Paul H. Douglas is a member of the Department of Economics of the University of Chicago.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Three-Decker

Full thirty foot she towered from waterline to rail.
It cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten sail.

SOME one will soon write a new note for this Kipling poem, which without annotation is now quite unintelligible. The three-decker novel of the nineteenth century, that sold for a guinea and looked as if it were worth it, sank into Davy Jones's locker because it was too expensive, but also because it was padded, overwritten, and imitative. Novelists began to be allowed to write as little, instead of as much, as they could. A hundred thousand words began to do the work of three hundred thousand, and readers were pleased.

The three-generation, family novel of today, Galsworthy model, with a Hervey Allen chassis, and an English or American body, is likewise headed toward the junk heap. It has served its purpose, which was to register the swift changes of an age of transition. What an opportunity the departing era presented! Since that remarkable autobiography of Edmund Gosse, "Father and Son," revealed the bitter conflict between orthodox father and unorthodox child in the decades stirred up by Darwin, everything—morals, economics, philosophy, politics—everything began to change so rapidly that it was a wise father who knew what his son was thinking about. Then came the war, which for novelists of the twenties provided a ready-made last chapter in which the youngest generation could be conveniently disposed of, or baptized by fire into a new philosophy which invariably proved to be the pet idea of the author of the novel. When that device grew tiresome, the war was shifted to the middle of the novel, which made a fresh beginning just as the reader was growing weary. The only real profits of the war went to munition makers and novelists.

The effect of pattern upon literature has never been sufficiently analyzed. No matter how good, a pattern sooner or later begins to work through into the subject laid upon it. A genius can make a great poem out of a pastoral elegy or a great play on the lines of French heroic tragedy, but geniuses have a way of bringing their patterns with them. Doubtless there is just as much family conflict about as in the 1910s, and just as sharp divergence between father and son, matriarch and descendant, in 1938 as in 1928 or 1908. But it becomes clearer and clearer that this fuel of discord won't ignite in the old machine. Readers of manuscripts, readers for book clubs, reviewers for literary journals, all tell the same story. The market is flooded with vast manuscripts in which one generation breeds a different one, and this one, still more different—or one generation founds a business, and the next ruins it, and the third deserts it—or one generation is confident of its world, and the next dubious, and the third rebellious, etc., etc., etc.

The formula will not work much longer. In fact, it would not have worked so long, had not Margaret Mitchell pushed it back into a usable past, G. B. Stern given it a feminine twist, and Thomas Wolfe played variations upon it with the technique of the stream of consciousness. Already when we encounter in our reading the family of the 80s or 90s or 1900s, vigorous, narrow-minded, confident, we fatally know that the next generation will be petty, febrile, and neurotic, and the third gone back to their spiritual shirt sleeves again, and starting another cycle. With the best intentions the writer cannot get off the tracks laid for him by "The Forsyte Saga" and "Buddenbrooks." His material may be fresh, his experience new, his philosophy that of the moment, still when he begins a family novel he writes a family novel, just as the Carolingians inevitably wrote Elizabethan drama, and the last of the eighteenth century when they began in couplets ended in Dryden or Pope. These nine-passenger cars, with the family baggage behind and Galsworthy chauffing, are on a by-pass already and soon will be on exhibition by the wayside.

Instances may be given of which way the wind is blowing. The two most original talents to emerge in recent American literature have both chosen to do portraits rather than tapestries. John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" is a condensed novel, a *nouvelle* or *novella,* almost a short story, but with that sense of space and time for development which the short story of commerce has sacrificed, and a complete freedom from any plot program. No past or future is important in Steinbeck's story except the continuum of life which permits such characters as Lennie and George and Crooks to have their moment of pathos and tragedy. Clyde Brion Davis, too, in his just published "The Great American Novel," ignores the family history which has so obsessed recent novelists. His hero, Homer Zigler, lives, as so many moderns do, in the headlines. His drama is not the conflict of generations, but between the realities of his own thwarted life and the great successes of his imagination. The story is narrower, less rich, less "historical" than the current 1,000-page mode, but the reader feels a sudden breath of charged air as from new lands discovered.

Most significant of all is Thomas Mann, himself a family-novel man but also a great creative writer. In his long and still uncompleted novel dealing with Joseph and his brethren, he has pushed through the superficial and often trivial conflicts between generations into the great action and reaction of human tradition itself. Joseph is in conflict with Israel, but is aware of how infinitely more important are his bonds to his kindred in culture than his escapes and his reversals. With his story the family novel reaches for the first time toward profundity and becomes history in a sense which sociologists and psychologists understand. And in so doing drops its three-generation formula, its expected sequence and technique, and becomes original once more.

It may be objected that if everyone imitates Thomas Mann we shall have not three-deckers, but six-deckers! But even if the imitators swarm down his trail, they will have the publishers to reckon with, who must be growing weary of trying to sell five hundred thousand words for three dollars.

H. S. C.

The Corporate Style

At a recent Book and Author Luncheon, Mr. Matthew Josephson commented on the "corporative evils" from which "popular literature . . . has long suffered." He went on to say, "Literature has been purveyed not only in books but in the competing form of magazines, in immensely greater volume, by large corporations using mass production and mass distribution methods." This is usually the prelude to an attack on the machine-made story, but it turned out that Mr. Josephson was talking about the machine-made style, and he produced several self-identifying quotations from *Time.* "I think this whole process of super-merchandising of popular literature and journalism is having a fearful effect," continues Mr. Josephson. "First it is the style that is forced into a corporate mold; but soon, the thought itself becomes that of a corporation rather than of a human being." These are hard words, and they leave us skeptical. Such well known members of *Time's* staff as Robert Cantwell, Louis Kronenberger, and T. S. Matthews—not to mention Archibald MacLeish and John Chamberlain of *Fortune*—write excellent and individual English out of office hours, untouched by the corporate mold. Mr. Josephson may not like *Time's* style, and others may share his opinion; but this is a matter of literary taste, in which we can see no impending disaster involved.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Wisest Fool; "Master Kung"*

James I

SIR:—The reviewer of Steeholm's "James I of England" in the *Review* of May 21 finds it surprising that he "has been left almost untouched by the biographers, old and new." This will grieve William Roughead, the Scottish criminologist and writer on historical mysteries, who seldom lets an essay of his terminate without taking a crack at the Wisest Fool. So will the statement that "James as a human being comes out quite understandable, almost likable."

Mr. Roughead thinks otherwise. In the title-essay of his "The Riddle of the Ruthvens and Other Studies" (Dutton, probably o.p.) he remarks: "As to the *vraisemblance* of the gentle king Jamie whose placability of disposition Sir Walter extols —virtue as foreign to his character as the many singular and extraordinary graces with which the translators of the Bible credit him—we have but to bear in mind the gusto with which James presided at the tormenting of the Scottish witches accused of imagining his death, his desertion of his mother, his treatment of Raleigh and of Arabella Stewart, his betrayal of Somerset, and the vindictiveness with which he pursued the surviving Ruthven boys, to see how strangely misleading is Sir Walter's estimate." (That sentence, *qua* sentence, ought to satisfy even Wilson Follett.)

Still—"I have no use for James I.," Swinburne is reported once to have said, on failing to find in his club a room free from tobacco smoke; "no respect for his character, no liking for kings. He [James] was a liar, deceitful, mean, and lots of beastly things; but, at all events, he had the grace to cut the throat of that rascal Raleigh, who introduced tobacco into England!"

E. F. WALBRIDGE.

Montgomery, Vt.

Private Reading

SIR:—Speaking from personal experience it seems to me very nearly impossible to overestimate the value of private reading as a means of solving "social, spiritual, and psychological problems." And I believe that for many individuals, particularly those who are fundamentally artistic in their tastes, the approach to study should not be institutionalized.

Perhaps some of your readers who need an incentive will find, as I did, an answer to their intellectual needs in Herbert Faulkner West's "Modern Book Collecting for the Impecunious Amateur." It is to my mind charmingly and expertly written and provides among other things a splendid frame of reference for further study and understanding of our modern world.

MARGARET F. REID.

New York City.

Mr. Latourette Replies

SIR:—I am grateful for the opportunity of continuing the courteous discussion which Mr. Carl Crow and I have had over his recent book, "Master Kung." I must confess that two of the three quotations which he makes from my article in the 14th edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" do not seem to me to invalidate the criticism which I made of "Master Kung."

As to pictorial art, there is a vast difference between Mr. Crow's assertion that pictorial art "had its first great development" during the T'ang dynasty and my statement in the "Britannica" that in the T'ang "painting reached new heights." The latter statement is quite true, but the first great development in Chinese painting of which we know was not in the T'ang but at least two centuries before. It was then that one of the greatest of Chinese painters, Ku K'ai-chih, lived and worked and that the canons of Chinese pictorial art were defined.

There is also a difference between the fact that the script of China has remained practically unchanged since the Han dynasty and Mr. Crow's statement that the written language is uniform. By the script is meant the characters with which the language is written. In the language must be included the many different literary styles which have been employed. It is of course well known that the characters can be used to write many different dialects and many different forms of the literary language.

As to the third statement, concerning the use of a brush pen in writing, when the article in the "Britannica" was written, so far as the best scholarship knew the earliest use of the pen was in the third century before Christ, and consequently several generations after Confucius. In the decade since that article was written archeology has disclosed the surprising fact that a brush pen was used under the Shang dynasty, or centuries before Confucius. Mr. Crow's statement corresponds with our best knowledge of ten years ago, but today has been superseded.

K. S. LATOURETTE.

New Haven, Conn.

"Mine's Geoffrey Chaucer. What's Yours?"

Footnote for All Reviewers

You may damn it or praise it, no matter,
Reserve judgment, or pridefully sing;
But don't for heaven's sakes straddle
With "Good, for this sort of a thing!"

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

Washington, D. C.

Harry Castlemon

SIR:—Persons in possession of letters, papers, first edition books, and other items pertaining to Harry Castlemon (Charles A. Fosdick), well-known writer of boys' stories in the Alger-Optic-Ellis days, are asked to get in touch with the undersigned, who is presently engaged in the preparation of a bibliography of the more important series writers of American juveniles of the latter half of the 19th century. He will welcome, also, information tending to shed light on the identification of Captain C. B. Ashley, believed to be another pseudonym of Charles A. Fosdick.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

Library of Congress,
Washington, D. C.

Nutmeg

SIR:—When did Mississippi replace Connecticut as the Nutmeg State? Your editorial note at the end of the Faulkner profile (May 21 issue) is confusing to conservative geographers.

E. CORNELIUS.

New Canaan, Conn.

(We meant to call it the Magnolia State. How it got into type as Nutmeg is an insoluble mystery.—Ed.)

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Novelist into Playwright

An Interview with Thornton Wilder

BY ROSS PARMENTER

Ben D. Gross, Tucson
Thornton Wilder in Arizona

ONE of the most attractive characters in "The Woman of Andros" is a young priest of Apollo. Because of his calling, he lives apart from his fellows. He is a man of few words, and preoccupation with the sick in body and soul has made him constitutionally sad. He is also wise, compassionate, gentle, and disciplined beyond his years, and the accumulation of a lifetime's thought is stored up in his eyes.

From his work and what I knew of his life, I always felt Thornton Wilder himself was probably very like that priest. Actually, as I learned when I interviewed him, he is not nearly so romantic a figure. In appearance he suggests a young colonel in civilian clothes. He obviously enjoys life. His eyes behind his round steel-rimmed glasses have a peculiarly bird-like quality. And he talks a blue streak.

We were introduced not long ago in Jed Harris's office by Robert Reud, Mr. Harris's press representative. And as soon as Mr. Reud withdrew, Mr. Wilder began dictating. The idea of dictation was Mr. Wilder's. He explained that he tried to phrase things exactly and therefore, unlike most men being interviewed, he wanted to see his words written down.

"Why do you spend so little time in New York?" I asked.

"I'm a great deal here," he replied in a very rapid voice. "I like it ever so much. I roam around a lot. I rise early and take the Staten Island ferry. Long hikes are a life-time hobby with me. I like to take the subway to the Heights and walk on Riverside Drive as dawn comes up. In fact, I hope to become a New Yorker."

When I explained that I was asking about literary New York, he slowed down and dictated:

"One of the problems of the writer is keeping the moment of writing free of any consideration other than the text itself—free of speculation about audience approval or disapproval, free of consideration as to monetary rewards, free of the image of critics or friends. Living in a community of fellow writers, one inevitably becomes aware in some corner of one's mind of a lot of pressures, of self-consciousnesses that are extraneous."

He then made a distinction between ages which were great and ages which were not: the difference being that in a great age "the work of art by tacit assumption is, with the religious life, one of the few absolute human values."

"As great ages have shown us—the Elizabethan taverns, for instance—the congenial company of fellow workers is an invaluable stimulation. But in ages which are not great the community of artists is an occasional stimulation, but we all mix our attitude towards a work of art with a series of fretful, restless, all too personal commentaries."

He then broke off and in his very quick voice mimicked a gossip at a literary gathering. Putting his hand to his mouth, he whispered between his fingers, "So and so is slipping" and a few other words. He stopped with a laugh and said: "You know the sort of stuff that goes on."

Mr. Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey" was filmed in 1929 and he has since worked on several motion pictures, including "The Dark Angel." I therefore asked him what he thought of the movies.

"I hope some day," he said, "to have gained my own confidence and a company's confidence sufficiently to suddenly compose a motion picture that is a motion picture from the first moment on. The best motion picture will ultimately rest on the work which represents in every corner one or at most two persons' directing thought. In Charlie Chaplin author, director, leading actor were combined, and those pictures were the best ever made. The most threads should be in the fewest hands. Walt Disney and the Frank Capra-Robert Riskin combination are examples."

We then passed on to plays and novels. Mr. Wilder, of course, is one of the few Americans who has been successful in both fields. He repeated what he said in November, 1935, when he renounced novel writing—namely, that drama was superior to fiction because it was freer from "the editorial presence." The stage manager role which Frank Craven plays in "Our Town," he said, was a "hang-over from a novelist technique."

"Perhaps in the very greatest dramatic representations—as in 'Othello'—the ultimate point of view that the beholder should take upon the action is nowhere indicated, but is distributed throughout the work by a series of strains and stresses in selection and emphasis. It may be, though, that in an age in which an audience contains such varying approaches to fundamental questions of life a commentator is useful for delivering signposts."

The question of the impersonal artist brought him to the last of his four novels, "Heaven's My Destination," which was criticized because he did not indicate his own attitude towards its textbook selling hero. (The critical reception of that book, *incidentally*, he said, had no influence on his decision to give up novels.)

"My last novel," he said, "was written as objectively as it could be done and the result has been that people tell me that it has meant to them things as diverse as a Pilgrim's Progress of the religious life and an extreme sneering at sacred things, a portrait of a saint on the one hand and a ridiculous fool jeered at by the author on the other.

"For a while I felt that I had erred and that it was an artistic mistake to expose oneself to such misinterpretations. But more and more in harmony with the doctrine that the writer during the work should not hear in a second level of consciousness the possible comments of audiences, I feel that for good or for ill you

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should talk to yourself in your own private language and be willing to sink or swim on the hope that your private language has nevertheless sufficient correspondence with that of persons of some reading and some experience. This belief was clarified for me by that admirable teacher of young writers, Gertrude Stein.

"It seems to me," he continued, "that the writer learns what is called technique not by any willed application to hand books, to exercises, and to what is called experimentation, but through the admiration of a series of admirable examples —a learning which takes place in the subconscious.

"And one remembers certain models one no longer admires greatly but which for years held one under a spell. After my sophomore year at college I worked on a farm and used to declaim to the cows in the stanchions the judge's speech from Barrie's 'The Legend of Leonora.' A few years later George Moore was my meat and drink, an author now doubly distasteful. Then through the enviable accident of sitting under a great teacher, Dr. Charles H. A. Wager of Oberlin, these imaginative absorptions were transferred to Sophocles, Dante, and Cervantes.

"Beware of what you admire when you're young; because admiration is the only school for the will."

Mr. Wilder was forty-one last April. He is five feet eight in height and of medium size. There is nothing of the Bohemian about him at all, and although he has been on the faculty of the University of Chicago since 1930, he is too pleasantly bronzed by the sun to suggest a professor. His hair is cut short and he wears it parted low on the left and brushed straight across the top of his head. It is iron gray at the sides and sparse at the top, giving a high, round dome to his forehead. At the base of that dome are his eyebrows, the most striking feature of his face. They are large, bushy, beetling, and black. His moustache, however, is light brown; and whenever he smiles, the lie is given to the ferocious brows and the hawk-like eyes.

As his books indicate, he has considerable powers of concentration. He is too intense, indeed, to have the serenity of one of his own characters. His personality hops from the oracular perch to the impish one with the quickness of a restless canary. He gave me the impression of being anxious both to be liked and to be understood. Altogether, I thought to myself, a highly-strung, friendly person.

And then I asked my next question, prefacing it with the explanation that it was not a challenge.

"You are a sensitive man," I said. "Don't you find yourself distressed and saddened almost unbearably by the evils in the world about you?"

He got to his feet, hesitated a moment, and then began walking around the table as he answered:

"I think that I'm aware of the tragic background of life. I meet it through the principle of diversity of gifts. In the slow education of the human race to living side by side with one another in understanding and peace there are two forces. The force of those that are endowed for a practical, immediate activity in the correction of injustices. And the force of those who feel the only thing they can do is to compose as best they can works which, through the attempt to present illustrations of harmony and of law, are affirmations about mankind and his ends.

"The race needs both the practical worker and the believer that the ends are valid. Shaw is the practical pamphleteer and he said with some reason that more than any one outside Scandinavia he was responsible for the superior status of women in the modern world. But even the fires of the practical activity of Shaw had first to be stoked by writers of apparently ivory-tower isolation.

"The great poet describing an apparently impersonal suffering is saying something about the dignity of man which ultimately finds its way into legislation and into concrete humanitarian work. A poet is a triumph of common sense, but on a time scale of centuries. A pamphleteer works in decades."

I then asked him how he had changed in the ten years that elapsed between his two Pulitzer prizes.

"For years I shrank from describing the modern world," he said. "I was alarmed at finding a way of casting into generalization the world of doorbells and telephones. And now, though many of the subjects will often be of the past, I like to feel that I accept the twentieth century, not only as a fascinating age to live in, but as assimilable stuff to think with."

As we shook hands at parting, he asked me please to leave in his "perhapses" and "it may bes" because he felt their tentativeness was very much part of him. I felt, on the other hand, that his request was largely shyness, that the man who passed his adolescence as a stranger in China and his young manhood as a retiring master at a boy's private school had outgrown that tentativeness more than he knew.

English Attitudes

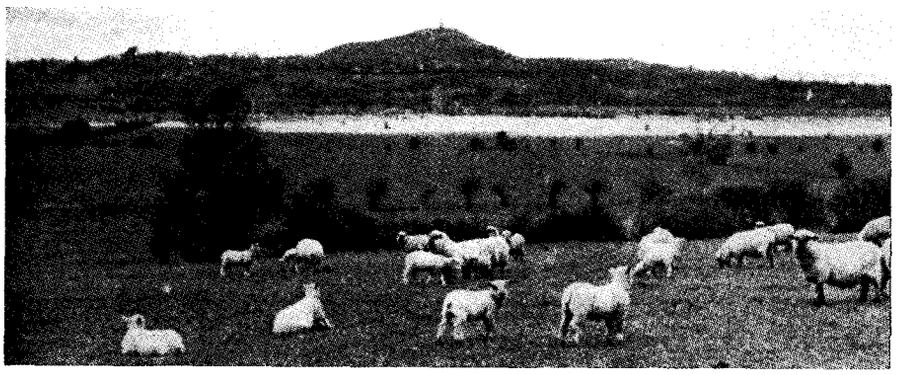
MY ENGLAND. By Edward Shanks. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH SARGENT

THIS book goes off in several directions—as a man does in conversation. Mr. Shanks talks of England's winsome landscape, her early history, then of her present institutions, her law, morality, games, her private lives, her cities and provinces, and finally the Englishman's attitude toward foreigners. What Mr. Shanks's writing lacks in brilliance and profundity is made up for by ease and pleasant readability. The value of the book lies in its revelation, conscious and unconscious, of English attitudes.

Americans will enjoy, for example, the chapter "Neighbors and Cousins." The English, he thinks, would always be willing to accept the United States back into the British Commonwealth. The American will be moved to wonder whether we should be eager to accept England into the Union as a forty-ninth State! The author laughs at Mr. Mencken for trying, unsuccessfully, to establish the existence of an "American" language. Mr. Mencken "seems to have suffered from joyous leg-pullers in England who sent him all sorts of grotesque information for his grateful acceptance."

Mr. Shanks's love and skill go into the opening chapters. Here he reconstructs the England of Piltdown man, of the Romans, of King Arthur, with the novelist's recreative power and the poet's delicacy. Of England today Mr. Shanks writes to explain, to criticize mildly, to point with pride. He demonstrates that the Mother of Parliaments is a bad jumble, and still she owns his admiration. He discusses Edward's abdication with a touch of relish for a scandal lived through. He rather unexpectedly berates the English system of justice, so admired from afar by Americans. He believes that the influence of the B. B. C. will destroy the old mark of English class distinction, accent in speech. His defense



Exclusive News Agency, Roehampton

"Mr. Shanks talks of England's winsome landscape, her early history, then of her present institutions" . . . (Glastonbury Tor, from "My England.")

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of English cookery is the most ingenious thing in the book.

He sees no serious possibility of communism or fascism. His England does not include the idle looms of Lancashire, the devastated lands of Leicestershire, the Army of the Dole, the sharp and desperate new young Englishmen and women. Labor is overlooked, the fear that raises armaments unmentioned, the foreign policy which lowers England's name and estranges her friends unheard of.

Still, we are glad to be reminded, with Mr. Shanks, of Shakespeare's England (only in this case Shakespeare called it Bohemia) where

"Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

Pine Tree Blight

ASSIGNMENT DOWN EAST. By Henry Buxton. Brattleboro: Stephen Daye Press. 1938. $3.

WHY LEAVE HOME? By Sparock Hall Kennedy. Portland: Falmouth Book House. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by E. B. White

MAINE is a pleasant state, known for its lobsters, its potatoes, and (more recently) its literary interpreters. I've always been fond of Maine, but I'm afraid it is becoming self-conscious, with ads in all the magazines telling tourists what fine, salty characters they will meet down east. One hates to see the pine tree develop an awareness of its own scent.

Henry Buxton, a reporter on the *Bangor Daily News,* has spent the last three years interviewing Maine "characters" in the Penobscot Bay region and writing pieces about them for his paper. His articles, reminiscent and respectful, are now collected in a book called "Assignment Down East." In the day-by-day role of journalist historian, Mr. Buxton stops octogenarians in their tracks, invades farm kitchens and asks the housewife about the time she took over the wheel, lets retired sea captains lash themselves to the rigging again, in the old gales. The book is an album of state pride and nostalgia. Babies are born in heavy weather rounding the Horn, trappers ride down mountains on the back of a bear, lovelorn skippers rush back from China under full press of canvas to settle an old quarrel. The lives of such people have an undeniable fascination for us dwellers in a milder day.

Federal Writers' Project

On the road near Megunticook Lake (From "Maine: a Guide 'Down East.'")

Almost all the men and women Mr. Buxton interviews are extremely ancient, and one comes away with the impression that nobody in Maine ever dies—a proud and indestructible race. Although the articles are full of the feature writer's clichés, they are honest in their admiration for rather admirable people, and they manage in a disjointed way to give a picture of the lamented era of sail which is fast becoming so familiar to the book public. The account of the religious exodus from Jonesport to Palestine in 1866 will surprise readers who think Maine people were without exception practical folk brandishing a caulking iron in their own front yards.

My own experience with Maine, as a rusticator, is that the natives don't make nearly so much fuss about the glamorous past as the latterday poets and novelists. It is dispiriting, of course, that Bangor, once a thriving port, knows nothing more robust these days than Waldo Peirce getting out of an afternoon train from Boston; but on the whole, the Maine citizens take it less hard than the authors.

"Why Leave Home?", another down-east literary product, purports to spoof the tourist trade. It is a thoroughly inept attempt at satire.

E. B. White is a member of the editorial staff of The New Yorker.

Florence, Italy—Florence, Ariz.

LIVING ABROAD. By Norval Richardson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1938. $2.50.

CACTUS FOREST. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by Rosemary Benét

BOTH these books are glorified guide books. In each, we have a traveling American family. Through their mild adventures, we get a picture of the country they are exploring. In "Living Abroad," it is Europe,—France, Italy, and a touch of England; in "Cactus Forest," the American Southwest.

Norval Richardson has lived abroad for more than twenty years, both as a diplomat and as a private citizen. In this book, he describes his later years, when he and his family were living in Paris, Florence, the Riviera, Switzerland, Dinard, and London. Even abroad, the Richardsons kept the American quality of always moving on. In the end, their group resembled a caravan almost Biblical in its proportions. There was Mr. Richardson, his wife, his daughter, three devoted Italian servants, their trio of children, two cats, and finally two dogs. No wonder that eventually they had to stop migrating and build a chalet in Switzerland. The tone of the book is that of a pleasant, amusing gentleman who sits next you at dinner and discourses entertainingly about life abroad. Family anecdotes, adventures with pets, apartment hunting, stories about servants, incidents on trains,—all make an amiable picture and remind you of similar experiences.

A few celebrities are given brief mention. Gertrude Stein comes in for more notice than the others. Mr. Richardson has a good eye, and no particular prejudices, except possibly a slight anti-British bias, which was augmented by life in Dinard. He heads one chapter "Cousins —Many Times Removed."

In "Cactus Forest," Zephine Humphrey starts from Vermont to go to Arizona in search of health for her husband, Christopher, who has had an acute attack of sciatica. Friends recommend everything from carrying a horse chestnut in his pocket to giving up salad. The medical profession, as variously, suggests removing teeth, or trying massage and salicylates. They decide to see what a sunny climate will do.

They motor out in a Chevrolet, noting landmarks that tell of the transition from East to West. Miss Humphrey's New England eye observes the first meadow lark, salad before meat, women wearing curlers in public, and the change from Tourist Homes to Tourist Camps. When they arrive, they are disappointed in Tucson, which "lacked grace and repose." They move on, and quite by chance, find Cactus Forest, a development near Florence, Arizona, a perfect spot for quiet desert life. There Christopher recovers, owing, our author thinks, not to climate after all, but to osteopathy.

The style of the book is chatty, with an underlying note of piety. Mrs. Humphrey refers to her Vermont home as "the Beloved Community," and she feels the best word to describe the desert is "holy." If you want to read about Florence, Italy, "Living Abroad" will please you. If you prefer Florence, Arizona, try "Cactus Forest."

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The Fight for Fur

THE FORBIDDEN GROUND. By Neil H. Swanson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

MR. SWANSON'S earlier novel, "The First Rebel," told how British policy toward the Indians made rebels out of loyal colonials. The moral of the present tale is the same, and even the argument is familiar, but the ingredients are more complex and more romantic. Two important developments furnish the background for "The Forbidden Ground." The first is the effort of Americans to conquer the Old Northwest; the second the attempt of the Northwest Company of Montreal to establish a monopoly on the fur trade of the region. And it is the struggle for fur that provides the motif of the story; the Revolution is incidental, and the creation of a few rebels accidental.

Mr. Swanson begins his romance in Detroit, in the spring of 1778, when Governor Hamilton trembled for Detroit and for his Indian alliance, and when his problem was complicated by the determination of the rising Northwest Company to control the rich fur trade of the West, to smash the free traders and interlopers, and to challenge the power of the great Hudson's Bay Company.

Among the free traders none were more dangerous than the MacGregors, nor any more unwelcome to the authorities. It became necessary for them to flee the post, and two of them, Black Roger and Baril, together with a white girl they had rescued from her Indian captors, made their incredible escape through an underground tunnel into the protecting wilderness. It takes almost a hundred pages to save the fugitives, but in the end the trick is done.

It is a fantastic tale. In his earlier books Mr. Swanson documented his stories, but here he imposes neither discipline nor restraint upon his imagination, and the result is closer to Sabatini than to Robert Chambers or Kennet Roberts. There are captures and recaptures, hairbreadth escapes, tortures and mutilations. All the characters are made of cardboard and the story is glued together with honey. The style is trite and the history of dubious authenticity, but Mr. Swanson does succeed in recreating for us the excitement and beauty of the Northern wilderness and in dramatizing the romance of the fur trade.

Neil Swanson on Red Lake, Minn. His new novel deals with the Northwest fur trade.

Um of Mulberry Bend

THOUGH YOUNG. By Leighton Barrett. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

TO say solemn things about this book, to speak of the universality of the small boy called Um, to pronounce the perfection of the capers of the young (and older) Capricorns, would be betrayal of all the spirit of this high-low comedy of Mulberry Bend. But if man's life here on this earth is a comedy for the gods, surely we may be thankful (and a little disquieted) if the gods see laughter where Mr. Barrett has found it: in childhood and all that world higher than Um's marvelously shaven head as it was altered by Um's fashioning.

Mark Twain required a river rolling tremendously like life, and more recently Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings depended upon the untamed splendor of the Florida scrub, to make Huck and Jody the splendid boys of this earth and this living. Um, also Southern, will never be counted in that royal company of the young. I suspect the reason may be that he lacks dependability as a vehicle for adult sensibilities. But with no more accoutrements than a battered baseball, a rope, the mumps, and the unsuspecting assistance of the Western Union Telegraph Company, he wrought wonderfully, if not always well, to make his own story and the drama of the Capricorns, the Broadenaxes, and the Argyles, indeed all of Mulberry Bend, a wonder for reading and a joy for remembering.

Presumably Mr. Barrett has attained his maturity. Certainly his wit in seeing and the deft verbal wit in his writing can be regarded as evidences of ripeness in literature. But if he is grown, he has attained neither solemnity nor forgetfulness of those pleasant, perspiring years between infancy and adolescence. Above all he has not attained pretentiousness; his story is as simple as an item of Um's own plotting and as satisfactory. It is such a book, indeed, in such a flow of books as deserves what it is getting here, not a review but a personal record of a personal pleasure. I rejoiced in it and, if that is not literary criticism, it is that sometimes rarer thing, a literary delight.

Poet Divided

THE SINGLE HOUND. By May Sarton. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MISS SARTON, daughter of a distinguished historian of science, is, at the age of twenty-six, the author of an outstanding book of poems, "Encounter in April," and now of a first novel of exceptional quality. In a poem, "She Shall Be Called Woman," in the former book, it was already apparent that this writer had something to say that was distinctly her own. Her prose strikes one as more mature and finished than her poetry. There are chapters which vibrate at remarkable pitch of intensity. The idyll of the three old ladies in the first part, "Time Is a Dream," is unusually delicate and brilliant. The concluding part, "The Single Hound," completes a story of a sensitive young writer that is significant of the present era.

Drawing by Polly Thayer
May Sarton

The story concerns Mark Taylor, a young English poet who finds himself torn between writing as an artist and dying for a cause. His best friend has just turned communist and departed for Spain. By chance he reads a book of poems that has a profound effect upon him, and, in seeking out the author, he discovers that she is not a man but a woman, Doro Latour, now a spinster in her sixties, teaching in a private school in Belgium. Meanwhile Mark has involved himself in an intense but unhappy affair with a married woman, a painter named Georgia Manning. It is Doro Latour who exerts the influence on Mark which solves his problems both of love and art.

That which is intensely important to the poet may not seem so important to the average reader—but the characterization of the Little Owls (as Doro and her two elderly companions call themselves), the account of the love affair with Georgia Manning, the beautiful skill of Miss Sarton's writing throughout, are warranted to rivet the attention. The atmosphere of that unique educational institution, the Cours d'Education, is as rare and fragrant as the scent of verbena. Doro is a diminutive and heroic figure; Mark, the romantic in the midst of modernism, is a perfectly recognizable type of poet, in an artist's dilemma of today. The title of the novel is, of course, from Emily Dickinson: "The soul condemned to be, Attended by a single hound—Its own identity."

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Conciliator in the Age of Hate

HORATIO SEYMOUR OF NEW YORK. By Stewart Mitchell. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

AT long last justice can be done to Horatio Seymour; and Mr. Mitchell has done it amply and ably. In Civil War days Seymour was stigmatized as a copperhead, a hater of the Union cause, a man who with all the prestige of the New York governorship lent moral aid and encouragement to rebels. For decades afterward most people recalled him as the executive who, just after Gettysburg, had supposedly addressed the draft rioters of New York City as "my friends." He was ranked with Vallandigham—abler, more cautious, but equally dangerous. This view was the product of wartime excitement, of the Union League school of patriotism, and of the ultra-radical oratory, journalism, and history of G.A.R. days. The fact is that Seymour, a man of great integrity and patriotism, was as loyal to the Union as any Abolitionist or any Ben Wade-Zach Chandler type of ranter against the South —and a great deal more astute and clear-sighted. Lincoln was perfectly correct when he wrote Seymour in 1863: "As to maintaining the nation's life and integrity, I assume and believe that there cannot be a difference of purpose between you and me." As governor, Seymour supported the war effort consistently and vigorously. He never called the draft rioters "friends" and he did his utmost to suppress disorders. But as he believed in conciliation before the war began, so he believed later in compromise on all points save restoration of the Union. For that view, as for his resistance to various wartime infringements, no well-informed student will condemn him.

The Civil War, with its immediate antecedents and consequences, rightly receives more than half the space in Mr. Mitchell's 600-page volume. Seymour, a steadfast lover of common sense, compromise, and concord, was in the thick of political events from the time he supported Douglas for the Presidency in 1860 till he himself was defeated for that office in 1868. As governor he trod a difficult path, and on the whole trod it well. Some errors of judgment he committed, but on the great war issues he occupied a position quite as defensible as that of his radical assailants. So he did after the war. His stand on reconstruction, debt, currency, and national expenditures was sound, and it was no great piece of luck for the republic that Grant instead of Seymour became President in 1869.

Apart from the Civil War and its issues, Seymour holds a conspicuous place in the great line of New York Democratic leaders which runs down from Van Buren, Silas Wright, and W. L. Marcy to Tilden and Cleveland. That line stood for a set of principles which became the core of Democratic tradition down to 1896—for sound money, low tariffs, economical expenditure, the conservation of State rights and activities against Federal encroachments, and efficient administration. Seymour appears in these interesting pages as a man of commonplace abilities, with nothing like Silas Wright's rugged Roman force, Tilden's incisive intellect, or Cleveland's belligerent courage. He seems never to have said or written a memorable sentence in his life; he was totally uninspiring. Yet his shrewd common sense, his moderation, and his kindly tact in managing men, raised him to leadership; and he used power with purity and sagacity.

Mr. Mitchell has said the most for him that can be said; yet the book is honest, avoids special pleading, and never glosses over Seymour's weaknesses (for example, his nepotism while governor) or his mistakes and ineptitudes. The research is exhaustive, and it is safe to say that the volume is that rare work, a truly definitive biography. It is very well written; and though Seymour is not in himself worth six hundred pages, Mr. Mitchell's skill in presenting the historical background goes far toward justifying the length of his book.

The Way of the Aggressor

JAPAN IN CHINA. By T. A. Bisson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT PARRY

MR. BISSON'S name is favorably known through the reports on the Far Eastern situation he has written for the Foreign Policy Association. His acquaintance with the scene is personal; his approach is scholarly. In the present volume he gives us the quintessence of his findings on the subject: no strikingly new thesis, to be sure, but a valuable book nevertheless — a sober, detailed account of the events and underlying factors leading, since the early 1930s, to the latest stage of the tragedy in China.

General Chu Teh, Commander of the Eighth (Communist) Army.

It is a tragedy to China, but not of China. From Mr. Bisson's well-documented analysis and long-range view we learn that, despite the heavy toll of defeat and destruction so far borne by China, it is the Japanese who are destined to be the final-day victims of Tokyo's aggression. The author shows that economically China is more self-sufficient than her attacker. Socially and politically the united front of her classes and parties has stood the test of Nippon's fire and intrigue. The guerrilla method of the Eighth Route (formerly Communist) Army has proved successful. Mr. Bisson warns sensibly that fruits of this method should not be exaggerated. Although assailed and harassed by the elusive fighters, Japan's military position in the Chinese plains may remain tenable, and new areas may be overrun by her mechanized legions. But this guerrilla warfare "will continue to require a costly army of occupation for many years to come."

By way of economic journals and reluctant admissions of the Japanese themselves, the author takes us behind the Tokyo scenes to show how ill this unexpected cost of her path through China can be afforded by Japan. A thoughtful and conclusive chapter on Manchoukuo demonstrates that after six years the militarists of the Rising Sun failed to bring quiet and profit either to themselves or to that land. As goes Manchoukuo, so goes the intramural China. The stubborn resistance of the Manchurians to the Japanese yoke is bound to be multiplied tenfold in the rest of China. It will do more than free the Flowery Land—it will, according to Mr. Bisson, "gain freedom for the Japanese people, who are today equally at the mercy of their militarist masters."

A prophecy of a revolution in Japan is thus implied. Considering the tough fiber of her ruling clique, it is safe to surmise that the militarists will not give up their power without a struggle. Today's adventure in China will lead to tomorrow's civil war in Japan. If so, the bloody drama of the Far East is only beginning.

Albert Parry has written on Far Eastern questions for Asia, Pacific Affairs, *and other publications.*

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Old-Fashioned Fashion

FROM HOOPSKIRTS TO NUDITY. By Carrie A. Hall. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH HAWES

ANYTHING I say about this book is exceedingly biased and probably unfair. Carrie A. Hall and myself are fundamentally of different generations. Our most basic ideas are, if not diametrically opposed, at least divergent.

This serves to point up a most interesting fact about Fashion. Mrs. Hall prints a picture of "the fiend of fashion from an ancient manuscript in the British Museum" which, with bat wings and fiendish head, exemplifies all the horrors of that "Dame." She devotes her first chapter to Style versus Fashion. "Fashion is the only tyrant against whom modern civilization has not carried on a crusade. . . ." "Fashions as they are decreed are often without justification. . . ." A couple of causes of fashion are: "love of change; and the influence of trade in the transient reign of objects of luxury." Who could disagree?

Fifty years spent in designing and making more than twenty thousand dresses have led Carrie Hall to these conclusions, as a much shorter time has put many of the rest of us in the same position. Perhaps the difference between fifty years in the trade and ten is what makes Mrs. Hall ready gracefully to give up her crusading spirit and allow that fashions will probably be just as "freaky" in the future as they have been in the past, unless the changing social conditions and the wholesome effect of the enlarged sphere of usefulness to which women have attained should so dominate the world of dress that it becomes the smart thing to dress sensibly.

Is it out of the question that even "the smart thing" will vanish? More important, does fashion now only influence "the transient reign of objects of luxury"? We have fashion in towels, cars, lamps, and every dress from $3.75 up.

Mrs. Hall seems to feel that Fashion only concerns itself with "ladies," and the major part of her book, where she vouchsafes any criticism, blandly emphasizes the fact that there are a lot of things a real lady must never wear. "A gentlewoman never attracts attention to her feet or legs." Ye gods! Obviously we have no more gentlewomen, and why occupy one's mind with that problem? An improvement in the fashion of this decade is the "Gown for little women" which Mrs. Hall bases on the popularity of the motion-picture of that name. (Katharine Hepburn is about five feet seven.)

"From Hoopskirts to Nudity" should have its place on the library shelf in the Modes and Manners of a Past Generation section, and mainly for the pictures which tell the story. The text also tells the story, and best where it is inadvertently clinging to the past century in manners and ideas. "The first purpose of clothing was to provide comfort," says Carrie Hall.

My grandmother might have told me that. A lot of people may still think that. But anthropologists have given us certain historical facts which we can take or leave. Nowadays most of us prefer to take them. The first aim of clothing was to beautify the human form for the purpose of satisfying a very human desire: to be attractive to the other sex.

Different centuries may try to achieve this end in different ways, but don't let's, even kindly, calmly, and generously, like Mrs. Hall, try to mix our centuries.

Elizabeth Hawes, a leading American dress designer, is the author of "Fashion Is Spinach," recently reviewed in these columns.

SWEDES IN AMERICA

Edited by ADOLPH B. BENSON and NABOTH HEDIN

Published in connection with the Swedish American Tercentenary 1938 celebration of the founding of the New Sweden colony, each of the chapters of this important volume has been written by a specialist in a particular field. The result is the first complete history in one volume of the Swedes in this country and of their contribution to American life. Illustrated. $3.00

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A Psychiatrist's Career

WILLIAM ALANSON WHITE. The Autobiography of a Purpose. By William A. White, M.D. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

DURING the last year of his life, Dr. White set down from his excellent memory an account of the salient facts of his professional life, which now appears a little over a year after his death, under the above title. It appears, therefore, while the memory of his robust and genial personality is still very vivid in the minds of his colleagues, friends, and students, who will welcome it for the factual data it contains.

From 1903 until his death Dr. White was Superintendent of St. Elizabeth's, the Government hospital for the mentally ill in Washington. All but the first eighty pages of the book deal with this period. It is characteristic of Dr. White's whole philosophy and world-view that he calls this book the autobiography of a purpose, which most men would call the autobiography of a career. For Dr. White was a convinced evolutionist and Spencerian, who says of himself that the most important determining factor of his life was the date of his birth, January 24, 1870. He was born of old American stock in Brooklyn not far from a medical school, and very early in his life developed an interest in medicine, which he permitted to fructuate. In 1892 he entered the state service, working at Binghamton State Hospital for the mentally ill, and remaining there until his appointment to St. Elizabeth's in 1903.

These eleven years of intimate work with the psychotic, Dr. White describes as the "origin and early expressions of purpose." The books that influenced him most he gives as Spencer's "First Principles," Mitchell's "Evolution and Dissolution and the Science of Medicine," which he tells us was an attempt to deal with the subject of human pathology along the lines of Spencer's law of evolution and dissolution, Mercier's "The Nervous System and the Mind," and Buckle's "History of Civilization"—a list that reveals a good deal concerning Dr. White. At Binghamton, too, he began his friendship with Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, the great bibliophile and savant, from whom he was to learn so much, and who was to be his co-author and co-editor.

In 1903, Dr. White began his work at St. Elizabeth's, and found himself catapulted into the blueprints of the hospital that was just beginning to expand. Dr. White became an administrator and immediately revealed his high competence in this regard, mastering all the practical details, which ranged from kitchen problems to congressional investigating committees. He built up a great hospital with a population of 7500 souls. His true greatness as a leader appears in his attitude to his staff. A physician working at St. Elizabeth's was never made to subscribe to any system of thought, nor any current dogma, but was given the most genuine permission and assistance to find himself and work out research problems that interested him. Dr. White's catholic spirit found room in his hospital for the most various and even divergent views.

In his psychiatric thinking and writing, of which there is a vast quantity, no less than in his philosophy and in his administration, Dr. White may be said to have occupied himself with large universals. The idea that mental functioning is the functioning of the organism as a whole immediately appealed to him. The special problems that interested him, too, were such large social ones as the sources of crime and its rational social treatment. Characteristically he reveals his views by telling of his activity, describing his behavior as a witness, and telling what he had to say about individual criminals.

Dr. White's career covered almost exactly the whole period of modern psychiatry, which roughly may be said to have started with the introduction of the Kraepelinian classification of mental disorders in 1896. Hence, all those who are interested in learning how modern psychiatry influenced a man who was in the midst of the field in the thick of the problems involved, and how this man in turn influenced the development of psychiatry, will find Dr. White's autobiography most meaty reading.

Disciples of Keynes

MODERN MONEY. By Myra Curtis and Hugh Townshend. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.50.

THIS book is an Americanized version of an English effort to make the monetary theories of John Maynard Keynes understandable to the general reader. It seems fitting that something should be done to bring the views of this British economist to the attention of a wider circle of Americans, since their interests have been more directly affected by the Keynes doctrines than have those of any other people. Mr. Keynes is generally regarded as responsible for the conversion of the New Deal to the idea that economic recovery can be best achieved by colossal expenditures by the government. Hence "pump-priming," which we still have with us.

While it is desirable that the American people should understand what, as Henry Ford says, has been put over on them, they will not find it out from this treatise on "modern" money. Its authors have produced a bit of skillful propaganda against generally accepted monetary ideas, but many of their views are far from modern. Their assumption, for example, that coinage gets its value from being legal tender, and that money does not really need gold as a backing, belongs to remote antiquity and has been productive of no end of mischief. More modern is the assumption that national income may be so greatly increased by government spending that the new outlays are not in fact burdensome; but the experience of the United States with this policy during the past five years can hardly be called a conspicuous success. The book, in brief, belongs to that "new school" of economic writings which are usually distinguished for their ignorance of past experience and their rejection of accepted views, not because they have been proved wrong but because they have been accepted.

Fortune on Shipping

OUR SHIPS: An Analysis of the United States Merchant Marine. By the Editors of Fortune. *New York: Oxford University Press.* 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by
COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG

OUR mechanistic society has at last got round to the conveyor belt method of writing books and "Our Ships" is the result. Here is the finished product from the hands of the Editors of *Fortune*, whom one can visualize, like mechanics on a Ford assembly line, feverishly keeping pace as the book goes by them at a predetermined speed, hastily bolting together chapters seized from the sub-assembly racks before the main thesis is relentlessly conveyed beyond their reach.

The finished job as a book is poor, going to prove that magazine editors as a group had better stick to meeting their deadlines, and leave the writing of serious books to those who can take the time fully to study their subjects, digest their materials, and finally present to the reader a fully rounded treatment.

"Our Ships" has everything in it—just like the garbage can, and quite as neatly arranged and as invitingly presented. Tossed in among others are a chapter on Joseph Kennedy (late chairman of the Maritime Commission), several on Hog Island and the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, one on subsidies, one on American ports, one each on the Matson and American Export lines, a passionate chapter on passenger conduct labeled "Six Days at Sea," some data on costs of ship operation, and several chapters designed to throw light on seamen and union leaders.

As a picture of our merchant marine and its problems, "Our Ships" can be considered hardly more than a caricature. Regardless of which anonymous editor is temporarily manning the searchlight in this weird book, illumination falls only on the bizarre, with the result that the reader gets a dazed impression that the American merchant marine is operated by confidence men bent only on swindling the government on subsidies; its passengers are mainly sex-starved females and exhibitionistic males; its crews (continually maltreated by scoundrelly shipowners) are composed of thugs, whore-mongers, and bruisers with whom no decent traveler would knowingly wish to go to sea; and its marine labor union leaders (the left wing

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 219)

ABRAHAM COWLEY:
"OF GREATNESS."

No greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself. At last it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon.

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ones) are practically Galahads in their selfless devotion to the cause of their downtrodden seamen, while the sole right wing labor leader mentioned (who seems to have made the blunder of keeping his men steadily employed at good wages) is pictured as continuously gorging himself at Cavanaugh's.

The American merchant marine has survived much in its strenuous past, and it may survive even this smart-aleck performance.

Commander Ellsberg, author of "Hell on Ice," aside from his service in the Navy, was attached for six months to the Shipping Board, and traveled as a crew member on the Leviathan. *He has had close contacts with other merchant vessels.*

The New York Central

MEN AND IRON: The History of New York Central. By Edward Hungerford. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHAUNCEY DEL FRENCH

ANYONE who has ever been thrilled by the roaring symphony of a passing freight train will relive part of that thrill while reading "Men and Iron." Here is a book that gives a detailed, almost microscopic, insight into the conception and development of the New York Central Railroad. Such great care has been exercised in presenting each pertinent detail, and in the meticulous recording of each interesting incident, that a reader grows to feel as if he were present at the time the incident occurred.

Men, long dead, live again in the pages of "Men and Iron." Their struggles, triumphs, and shortcomings are pictured with a clarity that speaks of unending research. This research, incidentally, is apparent on almost every page. But so expertly is it handled, and such good judgment has been used to keep its content germane to the theme of the work, that it does not obtrude.

When the author's organization train gets close enough for the reader to recognize the now legendary figure of Commodore Vanderbilt at the controls, a new phase of interest enters the book. The author takes the reader to the Commodore's desk, explains the road's problems at the time, and the practical methods this grand old railroadman used in meeting them. Equally brilliant is the outlining of the character of William Vanderbilt, who succeeded his father as President of the New York Central.

It is easily understandable that the very mass of the rank and file precludes any considerable mention of them, but the author's touch is sure as he depicts the characters of Major Priest, Mr. Toucey, and Mr. Burrows—three great Superintendents of the New York Central.

The historical value of "Men and Iron" is enhanced by a splendid collection of pictures. It is undoubtedly a work that will grow in value with the passing of the years.

Chauncey Del French is the author of "Railroadman."

Empire on a Mudflat

CROSSROADS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE. By Hendrik de Leeuw. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED V. A. VAN DUYM

THIS book is a sort of historical travelogue which is ideally suited to give one a complete impression, especially in relation to Holland's glorious history. Mr. de Leeuw has done a very thorough job and may well be proud of it. Seldom have I seen so much interesting and useful information about a country packed into less than four hundred pages. He also has taken the trouble of tracing back to their original Dutch ancestry outstanding American personalities from Peter Stuyvesant to Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Rarely have I had a travel book showing so much erudition and insatiable curiosity about the ways of a land and its people. His quotations are most apt and there is no little humor in its pages, a quality most Hollanders sadly lack. He has interspersed his text with stories, most characteristically showing the genius as well as the heroism and unquenchable thirst for freedom of the Dutch.

There are only two faults I have to find with the book. The style is in spots rather would-be "cute," and the dipping into Holland's prehistoric past seems somewhat unnecessary. It slows up the book at the beginning, though as the story continues it gathers speed and Mr. de Leeuw's enthusiasm for his native land is most infectious.

The story of Holland, the individualism of its people, are an inspiring example of the heights to which democracy may rise. Mr. de Leeuw has caught its spirit and essence. No other country in modern Europe has kept to as large an extent the treasures of the past in their original surroundings. Holland's proud history is not buried today, but alive in its buildings, its national costumes, its vast colonial empire. Today we might still walk in the Joden Breestraat in Amsterdam where stands Rembrandt's house and not be astonished if we saw the painter walking towards us, a broad-brimmed hat shadowing his careworn features. Mr. de Leeuw's book is evocative of Holland's past, and to this reader at least he is extraordinarily eloquent in singing the praises of an Empire built upon what originally was a mudflat. The author to our mind has done an original as well as thorough job, and for anybody who professes even the slightest interest in Holland this book is essential. Travel literature has decidedly been enriched by it.

Young Man *with a* Horn

BY DOROTHY BAKER

"LET'S put it this way: 'Young Man with a Horn' is the most satisfying first novel I've read since 1935. . . . And now that we've got that all nicely said, suppose we step right up and announce clear and loud that 'Young Man with a Horn' is darned near perfect." — *Clifton Fadiman in the New Yorker.* A Literary Fellowship novel. $2.50

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John *of the* Mountains

Edited by

LINNIE MARSH WOLFE

"AS fine as any of Muir's published writings — and Muir painted some of the noblest word pictures of America ever put on paper." — *Lewis Gannett* $3.75

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Democracy and the Workers

CIVIL LIBERTIES AND INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT. By Roger N. Baldwin and Clarence B. Randall. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1938. $1.50.

LABOR'S NEW MILLIONS. By Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Modern Age Books. 1938. 50 *cents.*

THE RIGHT TO WORK. By Nels Anderson. New York: Modern Age Books. 1938. 50 *cents.*

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

IN one way or another, all of these books are concerned with "the democratic problem." The title of the first reveals this relation clearly enough. The jacket of the second, which sympathetically tells the story of the C. I. O., bears as a sub-title: "The Growth of a People's Power." Mr. Anderson's book, which deals with work relief as a governmental fact and function, is similarly labeled "A Magna Charta for the Unemployed."

Of course, there are kinds of democracy as well as different conceptions of it. Likewise, as Mr. Baldwin points out, "The word 'liberty' means opposite rights to different interests." What Lincoln said in the days of the slavery struggle might well have been said with reference to the present times: "The world has never had a good definition of the word 'liberty,' and the American people are just now much in want of one. We all declare for liberty; but in using the same word, we do not all mean the same thing."

This argument at cross purposes is apparent in the book containing four lectures delivered at Harvard, two by the Director of the American Civil Liberties Union, and two by a vice-president of the Inland Steel Company. The lecturers did not meet on the same Harvard platform, and their minds do not meet in this discussion of civil liberties—in which they both fervently believe.

Mr. Baldwin's bias is in favor of the workers' right to organize, strike, and picket, which he sees violated variously and dangerously, while Mr. Randall is chiefly disturbed by the plight of the small investors and the workers who don't want to join a union. Mr. Baldwin sees most of the violence and intimidation on the part of organized employers; Mr. Randall, most of it on the part of organized labor. Mr. Baldwin is alarmed over the manifestation of fascistic tendencies on the part of employers in the same conflict situations in which Mr. Randall finds imminent threat of revolution and anarchy on the part of the workers.

Mrs. Vorse, like Mr. Baldwin, hopes for increasing help for the workers' cause from the so-called middle class. "Labor must educate its membership," writes Mrs. Vorse, "and cement the bonds between industrial and white collar workers and the farmers. The white collar unions . . . must help the middle class recognize its place in society and make plain the danger of fascist adventures." "Who is labor?" she asks. "All the people who make things, sell things, who farm, teach, write, make scientific discoveries. On the other side is the profiteer and the racketeer, the industrial royalist, and the people that they can buy or fool."

Mr. Anderson writes of public work as a means of using or salvaging labor that would otherwise waste in idleness. His book "is written with a bias in favor of more public employment when and where it is needed." "Theoretically," he says, "the system of private work has the right of way, and the system of emergency public work is expected to fit in as well as it can; as the first picks up, the second is supposed to decline." But if the first does not pick up? What, then, should be the government's policy? If a third of the nation is ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-fed, and if something is to be done about it, the government may have to alter the existing restrictions on competition with private industry in the fields of housing, clothing, and feeding. "With so much labor available, there is no reason for anyone's being ill-housed, ill-clad, or ill-fed. Actually, it is the labor of these ill-cared-for people that is being wasted." He declares that such steps as the government has already taken to relieve the needs of the unemployed are the best possible insurance against more drastic changes in the economic order.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THEY TALKED OF POISON *March Evermay* (Macmillan: $2.)	Dog, dominie, and daughter die. Feminine narrator and Insp. Glover follow labyrinthine trail to well-concealed conclusion.	Almost unguessable riddle, excellent characterizations, action to spare, and intelligent sleuthing — with some lengthy but needful expository passages.	As good as they come
ARTISTS IN CRIME *Ngaio Marsh* (Lee Furman: $2.)	Killer A cleverly stabs artist's model. Killer B feeds Killer A nitric acid cocktail. Insp. Alleyn untangles grisly web.	Amatory intrigues and homicidal diversions of pretty slimy lot of British artists portrayed with great gobs of horror.	Gruesome
BEHIND THAT MASK *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.)	Chicago hatchet-slaying by gent in Amerindian regalia solved, after various complications, by Detective O'Rourke.	Amazing mass of unrelated data—from waxworks to "Confucian coins"; a deceptive plot, and far too many words.	Gallimaufry
THE BLACK ARROWS *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	John Cowper, in Venice to save leader from vicious super-Fascists, has daily rendezvous with death in variety of forms.	Secret-agent stuff, thrillfully diverting — but rising at times to ridiculously melodramatic heights. Not author's best.	Entertaining

Control of Prices

PRICE AND PRICE POLICIES. By Walton Hamilton and five collaborators. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by W. O. SCROGGS

PROFESSOR HAMILTON has brought together in a substantial volume of about 300,000 words a series of painstaking studies of the various factors entering into the determination of the prices of certain important products. These studies are the cream of a number made several years ago under Professor Hamilton's direction by his Price Study Staff, one of the many organizations set up in Washington when the New Deal was still new and burning with zeal to create a better world on short notice. They were made for the information of the President's Cabinet Committee on Price Policy. Whether busy Cabinet members ever read any of them the record does not disclose; but that is beside the point. The work was well done, and Professor Hamilton has rendered a service in rescuing the documents from departmental pigeonholes and making them accessible to all students of price problems.

Of the seven reports included in this volume, three deal with such closely related products as automobiles, tires, and gasoline; the others deal with such diverse products as cotton seed, whiskey, dresses, and milk. Professor Hamilton has supplemented the reports with an introductory and a concluding chapter. Throughout the volume there is also evidence of his editing, with almost every page sprinkled over with his distinctive style. As he says, these seven reports touch a very small portion of the whole price structure. In spite of the wide range of industries which they cover, they present but a fragment of the story. Nevertheless, they do tell an impressive story, and no one who reads this volume will ever again place much confidence in broad generalizations concerning prices. Price policies are almost as numerous and as varied as the articles which they affect. The factors determining the prices which a consumer pays for a motor-car, a dress, and a bottle of milk are all different. Even in the case of the dress, the

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influences which govern the price will be different if the garment is a street dress from what they will be if it is merely a house dress.

Because of so many complications, it is obvious that all government efforts to impose a unified system of price controls must fail. Nothing of this kind has ever succeeded, not even in totalitarian Germany. It is beyond the power and the intelligence of any small group of human beings to devise successful controls for hundreds of articles. Yet experience shows that all prices cannot be safely left to the free play of competition, since competition too often does not have free play. The problem is to find the golden mean between laissez faire and regimentation.

Intolerant World

REAP THE WHIRLWIND. By Edith Roberts. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

IN this simple but ardently told story, Mrs. Roberts strikes jointly at our illusions and at Europe's political errors. Comparing the thoughtless but comparatively hopeful youth of America with that of war-primed Jugoslavia, she provides both a dramatic narrative and an admirable tract for the times. There is nothing pretentious or panoramic about her plot. A young American writer (who tells the story) meets a Serbian who has come to Chicago to study sociology and learn our ways, preparatory to a revolutionary campaign in his native land. From this intense peasant nature the American hears what war and dictatorship can do to a poor nation; from the American, Petar Montich learns tolerance and how to enjoy the easy-going companionship of youth. He also falls in love with the American's cousin, who for a moment thinks she wants to go back to Serbia and poverty with him. Small wonder that Petar leaves Chicago with regret, and plunges almost at once into disillusionment in Belgrade, where he finds his foster parents destitute and his mentor in jail. The story comes to a climax during a student riot which breaks out when an Italian minister visits Belgrade. As the book ends, the American, unable to face talk of recession "hardships" at home, is about to enlist with the Loyalists in Spain.

Though it is not remarkable for intellectual subtlety, there are many excellent qualities in this novel, above all a drive and conviction that often cleanly fuse propaganda with the matter of the plot, making a believable and persuasive whole. Presentation of certain all too threatening European realities in this romantic, wrong-end-of-a-spyglass fashion may not suit serious students of international affairs, but some such process seems necessary if we are to boil down political immensities for the purposes of fiction. Certainly the author makes clear the advantages we enjoy at present, and the necessity of defending them, and though she lays on the melodrama a trifle thickly towards the end, her book is sensibly an advance over her recent Porto-Rican novel.

Some Methods of Non-Resistance

THE CONQUEST OF VIOLENCE: AN ESSAY ON WAR AND REVOLUTION. By Bart. de Ligt. With an Introduction by Aldous Huxley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

AS a "text-book of applied pacifism" this volume may not contribute much toward ending war, but it will certainly stir up violent controversy among pacifists everywhere. Taking Gandhi as his patron saint the author, a Dutch sociologist, deals at length with all recorded cases of non-violent resistance. The danger of another world war in the near future and the utter destruction which it may cause are also discussed; however, little that is new is presented on these subjects. What does give the book a distinctive character is the elaborate "plan of campaign against all war and all preparation for war" which occupies sixteen pages of the Appendix. It prescribes for individual pacifists and for all anti-militarist groups, including particularly munitions and transport workers, every possible and impossible means of opposition to armed conflict. The latter range from peaceful propaganda to acts of sabotage and destruction; *e.g.*, bridges and railways are to be rendered useless for mobilization and war, "not forgetting to place danger signals—in order to avoid accidents and save human life."

While the author's main purpose is to make war impossible, he also advocates non-violence as the only effective means of carrying through on a world-wide scale social revolutions that will put an end to capitalism and imperialism. As to "the one and only system of free production" which is to ensue he says virtually nothing. It is clear, however, that the colored races, not excluding those in the Dutch colonies, are to emancipate themselves by non-violent means. The reader is left to infer that a large number of petty states, of socialistic and anarchistic character—if such a combination be thinkable—are to be set up after the liquidation of the great powers.

War is so atrocious that one must approach with a certain sympathy any proposal, no matter how extreme, designed to prevent it. Of de Ligt's theories, however, it must be said that they are merely obstructionist, that they do not deal with or seek to remove the causes of war. Moreover non-violence seldom long remains non-violent. Its first effect is to produce a fresh crop of martyrs; over their "sacred blood" fighting of unusually virulent character is likely to break out. Invoked as a universal social solvent non-resistance would destroy the reign of law over wide areas of the earth's surface. Results: a black night of anarchy, Hobbes's *bellum omnium contra omnes*, plagues more destructive than war sweeping out of Africa and Asia over Europe and America.

Robert C. Brooks, of the department of political science at Swarthmore, is the author of "Deliver Us from Dictators!"

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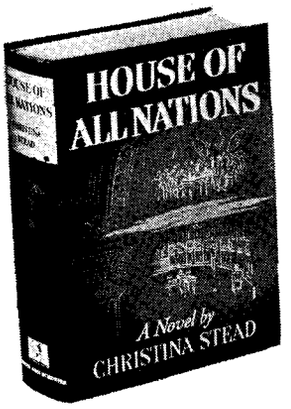

". . . not a novel, but a world"

This week *The Inner Sanctum* publishes *House of All Nations*, a novel by CHRISTINA STEAD, author of *The Salzburg Tales* and *The Beauties and the Furies.*

Writing about CHRISTINA STEAD, CLIFTON FADIMAN said: *"She is the most extraordinary woman novelist produced by the English-speaking race since Virginia Woolf."*

The time is the troubled era when Fascism was rising in Germany and Republicanism in Spain. The place is a sedate and luxurious Paris bank. The characters are drawn from all strata and are of many countries and all ages. Their slogan is, "No one ever had enough money."

In a way *House of All Nations* may be said to be the first detailed fictional study, since the days of BALZAC, of money and what it does to human beings. In it, millionaires of all nations, playboys, pool operators, middle-class blackmailers and down-at-heel cheats are atoms in a world created by a capricious and enigmatic postwar financial manipulator. This is JULES BERTILLON, chic, frail, mercurial, filled both with real genius and delusions of grandeur.

Into this world bustles a grain Napoleon—HENRI LEON, violent-willed, a stallion with women, a giant in talk and action. We see how he and BERTILLON make their money, their friends and their enemies. Their schemes are given in detail as their different talents, their incompatible temperaments, their divergent fates unfold themselves.

House of All Nations is complex and exhaustive, full of satirical scenes, some delicately ironic, some grotesque. Its humor is Hogarthian. To the alert reader, willing to follow the winding path of the story and able to pursue the mental flights of its chief characters, it offers an absolutely unique experience in modern literature.

—ESSANDESS

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

ON SHELLEY. By E. B., G. de B., and S. N. Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.

This book consists of three short studies of Shelley and Mary Shelley. The contents are: "Shelley is Expelled," by Edmund Blunden, "The Atheist: An Incident at Chamonix," by Gavin de Beer, and "Mary Shelley: Novelist and Dramatist," by Sylva Norman. All three papers are the result of scrupulous scholarship, and several small discoveries are included. The book will be an addition to the Shelleyana of any devotee.

W. R. B.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S CIRCLE OF DESTINY. By Milton O. Percival. Columbia University Press. 1938. $3.50.

The great body of Blake's poetry and the flesh and bone of his religion are to be found in his so-called "prophetic books"—"Jerusalem," "The Four Zoas," "The Book of Los," and the others. To this day they remain widely unread, although they embody some of the most profound and extraordinary creation which the human mind has ever produced, and in spite of the fact that neither Blake's lyrics nor his engravings may be fully understood without them. There have been several attempts to interpret these prophetic books, but we believe that Professor Percival's is the first to achieve both simplicity and comprehensiveness.

Its very title reveals that he has succeeded in bringing order into the confused misunderstanding which has so far obscured both Blake's meaning and significance. Disregarding the absurd myth that Blake was a man of narrow and warped background and reading, and refusing to consider for an instant the disreputable theory that the prophetic books are the work of a mad intelligence, Professor Percival has patiently sought out the huge and ramified background of Blake's intellectual heritage. In the light of the sources from which he drew, the mythology which Blake created on so cosmic a scale become not only understandable, but deeply important to our age and time. Professor Percival has made it available once and for all. His book is a superb contribution to the restoration of Blake as the wise, profound, and deeply spiritual poet which he was. Best of all, it is so well written that it can be read as well as studied.

W. M. S.

Biography

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME. By Maud and Otis Skinner. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1938. $2.50.

Harry Watkins never reached stardom, but the editing of this old trouper's diary that Otis Skinner, the famous actor, and his wife have done gives us a very vivid idea of what trouping was like in the early days. The journal opens in Texas. New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the Deep South are all included. Such famous names as the Booths, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Forrest, sparkle in the galaxy. The editors have elaborated the record by consulting many books. It is a record of the American theater at a time of low ebb, but the more interesting for all that. It is a human document and a footnote to the American theater that should be added to any dramatic library. The Skinners should be given every credit for the molding of the material, but Harry Watkins, the strolling player, as he emerges, is the ambitious and somewhat pathetic thespian of his time who becomes a character worthy of preservation.

W. R. B.

THE SINGIN' FIDDLER OF LOST HOPE HOLLOW. By Jean Thomas. Dutton. 1938. $2.50.

If his picture had not been printed in the book we should not have doubted that Jilson Setters, the blind mountain fiddler, who regained his sight and went to London town to play and sing his ballads, was an authentic American figure, quaint and charming. But Jilson and his fellows, singing and speaking in a language and spirit described as Elizabethan, seem to us to have been romanticized in their quaintness quite enough. At least a part of their charm lay in their piquant unfamiliarity and surely by now they are as familiar as gangsters, cowboys, Indians, and Negroes. The writers alone who have gone into their coves must have completely destroyed their isolation. Their distinction has been written to commonplaceness. And such a second journal in their discovery as Miss Thomas has made, though written out of knowledge and in affection, provides only cumulative acquaintanceship with a folk who were not least interesting because they were not well known. Undoubtedly such a folk, known or not, might have served as figures for an important book, but Miss Thomas has not added sufficient originality of drama or characterization to give her slightly connected sketches of noble old people, gay young ones, consecrated doctors, and the brave crippled and blind either freshness or distinction. As an intelligent and sensitive woman who went among the mountain people with a stenographer's notebook and an appreciative ear, she has undoubtedly done important service in preserving and presenting their songs, their speech, and their customs, but this book is only addenda to that adventure.

J. D.

THEODORA, THE CIRCUS EMPRESS. By René Kraus. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $3.

The famous Basilissa of Byzantium may be read about in Gibbon. Herr Kraus, well translated by June Head, has written her fictionized biography *à la* Emil Ludwig, and made it a highly colored and interesting story. From the time she met Justinian and found her fate as Empress of Constantinople, her biographer declares Theodora was an unpromiscuous woman, though her early career as a circus actress and courtesan had been quite the opposite. This full-bodied story tells of her first real love affair with Hekebelos, governor-general of Pentapolis; the ruin of their marriage; her terrible journey to Alexandria; her meeting with the holy Thomas; her conversion to the Monophysite creed; and her determination to return to Antioch and seek out Justinian, heir to the Basileus and, in her own vision, Prince of Evil. She finds him, ensnares him, falls in love with him, becomes empress. The whole is the study of a diabolically-gifted woman's rise to power over an empire. "As an empress she was great," the author concludes, "but as a woman she was even greater. Power had been her object in life, but love was her natural element"—which latter she had known in every form. Allowing for the popularization of history, this book gives one a pretty good idea of the gorgeous and bloody sixth century.

W. R. B.

Fiction

SEVEN AGAINST REEVES. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.50.

Bringing up Father is not exactly a new idea, and Mr. Aldington's light novel runs in a well worn groove. Mr. Reeves, the London business man who retires to enjoy his old age and finds that he doesn't know how to go about it, is something like an English Sam Dodsworth, but his adventures are no more stimulating than those of the lamented Fredk. Wm. Cornplow. Mrs. Reeves, like Fran Dodsworth, goes in for art and is soon surrounded by unsavory parasites from the so-called upper classes. There are two apparently feeble-minded children, who along with their mother cost Mr. Reeves considerable grief and money before he turns and asserts himself. Mr. Aldington's touch is expertly light, and the book is moderately amusing; it would be much more so if we hadn't read the same thing so many times before, and couldn't predict every development of the plot.

G. S.

THE LENIENT GOD. By Naomi Jacob. Macmillan. 1938. $2.50.

It is impossible not to admire the competence of Miss Jacob. In "The Lenient God" ("Time is a lenient God"—Sophocles) she takes a number of characters who have all the appearance of being leftovers from previous novels, and builds an enjoyable story around them. The Warren family, her chief concern, is composed of: (1) Bill, who might have gone to the University, but has become a London bus driver through no fault of his own; (2) his sister Elsie—she is very cockney and runs a small dress shop; (3) his brother Arthur, just as kind, more handsome, but not nearly so gentlemanly as Bill; (4) his mother, who speaks with a broad Yorkshire dialect; (5) Gran, cantankerous and a "character." They all live together in Brixton, but it is clear that only the exigencies of popular fiction could have got them together under one roof.

The doings of this highly synthetic family are less real than readable; and readable in spite of the fact that the novel breaks into two, the fortunes of Bill proceeding in one direction, those of Elsie in another, their only tie being the binding

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of the book. Occasionally the two stories meet, but only to nod at each other and then to separate with amiable irrelevance. If "The Lenient God" had been three times as long, this arrangement—which is, after all, the arrangement used in countless family novels—might have seemed quite natural. But Miss Jacob is content to keep her novel well this side of chronicle length—wisely, for it could scarcely have been a distinguished chronicle. As we've said, it is quite synthetic; but it has moments of tenderness and pity, moves smoothly along, and, all in all, ought to provide pleasant reading for a summer afternoon.

G. D.

MEXICAN MASQUERADE. By Charles Lorne. Dodge. 1938. $2.50.

We are perennially moved by the deeply touching story of Maximilian and Carlotta, so-called Emperor and Empress of Mexico, because they were nice people, handsome, tender, and good, thrust into a fantastic and meaningless position; because they loved each other and because they experienced in their different ways, the ultimate of human tragedy.

Their unhappy story has taken its place among the deathless legends of history; nothing can be added to it; it is complete, it is in itself a work of art. Only a Homer or a Shakespeare could successfully rewrite it, or use it as a background for romantic inventions of his own. Mr. Lorne in "Mexican Masquerade" has ventured, most misguidedly, to do the latter. Those portions of his book which take us along the silent corridors of Chapultepec with the unhappy queen, or show us Maximilian, tricked, bewildered, and unhappy, trying to accomplish with usefulness and courage what he imagined to be his destiny, are excellent. They are sensitively felt and finely expressed. The fiction he chose to weave about these two, we found unconvincing and rather tedious. We should like to see Mr. Lorne use his undoubted gifts in direct interpretations of historic characters and not in invented romance.

G. F.

History

FORT SUMTER 1861-1865. By Du Bose Heyward and Herbert Ravenel Sass. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $1.

Sumter was the point of explosion for the Civil War—if Anderson had evacuated it or Beauregard not fired upon it when he did, the thing might have hung in the balance a little while longer. Whether that would have made any difference in the end is another matter—the present reviewer is inclined to doubt it. But, in any case, the Fort and the firing upon it became a symbol—and are part of our American memory.

The present volume contains two chapters of Sumter's history, both adapted from historical novels—an account of the fall of Sumter from Du Bose Heyward's "Peter Ashley," and an account of the unsuccessful assault upon it two years later by Admiral Du Pont's fleet of ironclads, from Herbert Ravenel Sass's "Look Back to Glory." It is an interesting experiment—both authors are skilled novelists and write with flavor and color—and the actual research stands up very well, independently of the fictional material. But it has the defects of its method. It is a little hard to get interested in a set of fictional characters you are going to see for one moment and never see again—somehow or other, it does get in the way of the history. If we had read Mr. Sass's novel from the beginning, for instance, we should be excited by what actually happens to his hero during the attack by the iron-clads—we were by the various adventures of Peter Ashley when we read Mr. Heyward's novel. But, meeting him in the middle of his story, we don't really know enough about him to care greatly what happens to him—and we wish he would move out of the foreground and let us see the scene for ourselves.

Other readers may feel differently, and when the authors actually get down to brass tacks, their accounts are admirable. A great deal of the best sort of research has gone to their making. And they will give the reader a clear idea of two important incidents in Civil War history. But we'd rather have the original novels themselves.

S. V. B.

Miscellaneous

THE VOICES OF THE CATHEDRAL. TALES IN STONE AND LEGENDS IN GLASS. By Sartell Prentice. Morrow. 1938. $3.50.

Mr. Prentice has made good notes from the more important books on Early Christian and medieval iconography and symbolism and has reduced them to a readable and generally accurate narrative. Thus the reader who is unable or disinclined to tackle the standard works of Mâle, Coulton, and Strzygowski gets their main results on easy and agreeable terms. Everything written about the fundamental decisions of iconographical schools and the transmission of influences is made somewhat more certain than the present state of scholarship warrants. However, this brings sharply before the general public the present trend of research on the East Christian and allied problems. For a book of this sort the standard of accuracy is uncommonly high. There are a few errors, which show that the author is not a medievalist *de race*. But a pedigreed medievalist would probably have written a less readable book.

F. J. M.

ROOM TO SWING A CAT. By Lieut. Frederick J. Bell. Longmans, Green. 1938. $3.

Macaulay once said that there were three departments of literature—the important, the beautiful, and the odd—and the last was apt to be the most interesting. The present volume falls into the third category on both counts. In form it is about life in the old navy, the navy during its golden age, the period before and during the War of 1812; in substance it is a prolonged and thoroughly agreeable set of fireside conversations on every subject tangent to the central theme. There are some excellent seafights in the book, particularly that between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière;* some very good duels; a great deal of

(Continued on next page)

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NOT A BAD IDEA—

We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the *SRL* and see if anything happens?

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

incidental information, such as what became of Andrew Jackson's head (in wood) and the origin of the phrase "the devil to pay." But the main interest is always in the tale of some remarkable or amusing event, like the discovery of Paul Jones's coffin among the crypts of Paris, and Admiral Kirkland's interview with the Turkish vali. It is really a pity that naval officers seem the only people simple-minded enough to put such stories in print these days, for it is a pleasure to read them, especially at the hands of so good a raconteur as Lieut. Bell. The publishers ought to be spanked for illustrating the volume with bleed plates of atrocious old prints which have long since become hackneyed.

F. P.

Travel

THE OCEAN HIGHWAY. Compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. Modern Age Books. 1938. 95 cents.

This is the third in a series of interstate route guides fostered by the WPA and follows the general plan of the recent "U. S. One." The 1000-mile Ocean Highway, from New Jersey to Florida, parallels Route One through eight seaboard states. Mile by mile it is described in this excellent guide, in a manner that makes Baedeker comparatively read like a catalogue, for this comprises not only the scenes, industries, homes, and sites of unusual interest along the route, but the livelier history of each with a running commentary by anecdote that leaves scarcely a skeleton closeted. The towns along the highway saw America in the making; here Washington traveled from famous bed to bed, if the proud legends are to be believed, and the early settlers left a heritage of custom and language which in some localities, such as Tangier Island, the shore of Delaware, and the Hatteras Banks, is substantially unchanged today. Many of the remnant words and phrases are recorded here, but it is surprising that the investigator for North Carolina should have missed the indispensable "mommick" which serves the banks natives so variously.

The side trips suggested by the guide are well chosen. The isles called Golden by ancient Spain, the islands Chicoteague and Assateague where ponies of unknown origin still run wild, the Hightstown coöperative homesteads of New Jersey, Edisto Island, and its "Sanctify" cult of tom-tom pounding Negroes, are worth a turn from the main route; and the North Carolina coast, of which there is a long description here written by Captain Barlow in 1584, is traditionally interesting. Perhaps the pleasantest research done by the WPA guides concerned the "Characteristic Coastal Dishes," a succulent compendium. We should like to be on that old Maryland estate called "Aha the Cow Pasture," nibbling braised muskrat, attending the preparation of the famous Maryland biscuit, which consists of "stiff dough beaten with a hatchet for 30 minutes," then baked hard. This guide book, even for those who do not travel, is mommicking good reading.

H. D.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appearing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

"SEA MEADOWS," Cousins Island, Maine. Vacation as guests of "Nouveaus Pauvres" in century-old brick farm house (completely modernized) on island in beautiful Casco Bay. Private bathing beaches, croquet, golf, fishing, boating. Home grown vegetables, eggs, milk. Rates reasonable. Table excellent.

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THE BLUE DOOR. Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, on open fire. Ideal for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

CAPE COD. Waterfront cottage at Chatham, Mass., new, furnished, gas, water, electricity, large fireplace. For three people and occasional guests. Private beach. Rent $450 for season. Clark Kennedy, 86 Broadway, New Haven, Conn. or Mrs. Margaret Karr, Chatham.

IF YOU NEED SEA-CLIFFS AND WOODS in your vacation apply Whale Cove Cottage, Grand Manan Island, Canada. Fresh vegetables. Open fire. No radio. Rates $18 and $20.

CAMP SILVER BIRCHES, Canton, Maine, for discriminating women. Rustic simplicity combined with modern convenience. Beach. Recreation hall with great stone fireplace. Excellent meals. $18-$22.50 weekly. Booklet.

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COLLEGE MAN, middle-thirties, sense of humor, interests books, theatre, sports, seeks correspondence with cultured, educated young lady of breeding. Box 787-C.

LITERARY OUTLANDERS who do not wish to lose sight of trees and of grass and of the earth while in New York City will enjoy the Hotel Standish Hall. It is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Accommodations for the person who must be in New York for a considerable time. Newly-furnished and decorated suites—living room, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

PINCHOPARADISE—a log cabin. Hemlocks, a friendly apple tree, a wide tumbling brook—seclusion with security. A spot for rest or concentration. By the month or season. Box 43, Route One, New Hartford, Connecticut.

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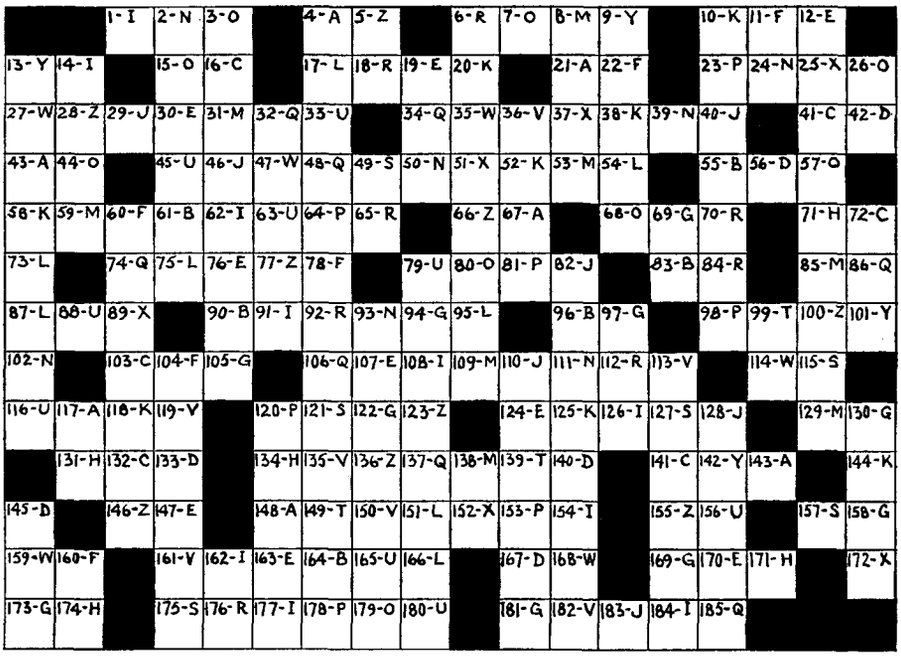
Double-Crostics: No. 220

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. French essayist and moralist (1754-1824).

B. Bantu people of Southwest Africa.

C. Of or belonging to winter.

D. Highest kind of knowledge (Plato).

E. English novelist (1889—) (comp.).

F. Character in "King Lear."

G. Rubbed, grated on.

H. Goddess of Fortune (Gr.).

I. Obstinate (comp.).

J. Instrumental compositions having more than one movement.

K. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."

L. Undistinguished, obscure.

M. Form of French pastry; card game.

N. Pushed rudely along.

O. Virile, vigorous (colloq.) (comp.).

P. Pariah.

Q. Absurdity; trifle.

R. Edible fungi delicacies.

S. American dramatist (1891—).

T. Entire man considered as union of body and soul.

U. English manufacturing city.

V. French city besieged by English, 1428-1429.

W. Swimming, floating.

X. Person of no importance.

Y. One of the heroines in "Idylls of the King."

Z. Conspirator in "Julius Caesar."

WORDS

148 67 4 21 117 43 143

83 164 55 90 61 96

72 132 16 41 103 141

56 42 140 133 167 145

76 163 107 147 19 124 30 12 170

22 160 60 11 104 78

173 97 130 94 69 181 122 169 158 105

71 174 134 131 171

154 162 1 14 184 91 62 108 177 126

128 183 46 29 82 110 40

10 58 20 38 52 125 144 118

54 75 17 73 151 87 95 166

8 138 85 129 109 53 59 31

2 39 111 24 50 93 102

179 15 80 68 7 26 3 44 57

81 153 64 23 178 98 120

74 86 185 34 32 137 106 48

70 176 18 84 6 112 65 92

121 115 175 127 49 157

149 139 99

88 180 165 79 156 45 63 116 33

135 182 161 113 150 36 119

168 35 27 159 114 47

25 152 172 51 37 89

142 101 13 9

66 28 77 146 155 123 136 100 5

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Hessian Buys Country Life Press

ALL in the book trade are naturally interested in the news that Doubleday, Doran and Company have sold the Country Life Press at Garden City, L. I., famous for its attractive and efficient planning and its acreage of beautiful gardens. The problem of a publishing business joined with a large printing establishment was always a complicated one; the sales headquarters of the D. D. outfit was necessarily in Manhattan, and in recent years the executive, editorial and publicity staffs gradually moved to the city also. The office space in Rockefeller Center has been enlarged, and the entire publishing activity will be transacted there. ☞Country Life Press, as an independent printing firm, is now headed by John J. Hessian, whose connection with Doubledays goes back many years, to the old days on 16th Street before ever Frank Doubleday moved the business out to Long Island. The cornerstone of the Country Life Press was laid by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1910. The mechanical equipment and the unusual gardens with the Printers' Sun Dial designed by the late Walter Gilliss have been admired by bookmen from all over the world. Many notable books have borne the colophon of Country Life Press, and all in the printing trades will wish Mr. Hessian and his associates the best success in their large venture.

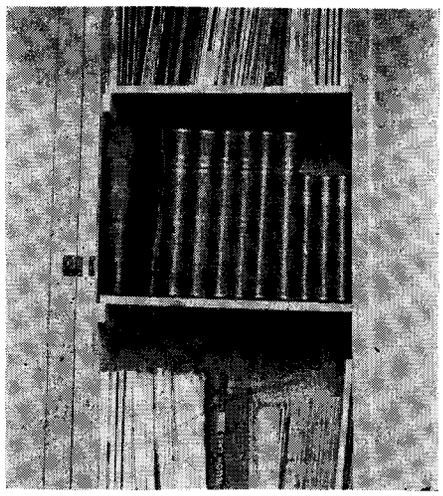
Wordsworth's Birthplace

☞An appeal, addressed to all for whom Wordsworth's writings have meant help and beauty, comes from a committee including Hugh Walpole, V. Sackville-West and others. It states that Wordsworth House, Cockermouth, the house in which Wordsworth was born, is now in the market. It is a charming eighteenth-century house with fine rooms, a walled garden, and the river running behind it. Its position in the main street of Cockermouth makes it an especially tempting site for business offices, a cinema, or suchlike. For the sum of about £2,000 this charming old house, with its intimate Wordsworth associations, can be saved from destruction.

About £600 have been raised to date, and contributions however small will be gratefully welcomed. The Treasurer is Rev. R. W. Crook, All Saints Vicarage, Cockermouth, England, and subscriptions may be sent to him or to the Midland Bank, Cockermouth Branch.

☞We went up to the American-Anderson Galleries to see the interesting library of contemporary books gathered by Mr. R. D. Dripps of Germantown, sold this week. This was an unusual sale in that it offered a large assortment of books of modest value, not beyond the range of the "small" bookseller and collector. Consequently both libraries and the Trade all over the country responded to the catalogue with remarkable liveliness.

☞Grace H. Perkins of the Hall of Justice, Los Angeles, sends a photo of her



Saturday Review cupboard.

SATURDAY REVIEW cupboard. The bottom compartment holds logs for her fireplace, the other shelves both bound and current issues of the magazine. She writes: —

"No number is ever destroyed. The first two volumes are in covers supplied by Mendoza. You can see how I prize the magazines; it costs $5.00 per year to have them bound, in addition to the subscription fee! I refer to these often and read far afield before I put it back. They can be read twice or more with pleasure and profit. After one's intellectual eyes are opened on a theme, or a book of import is read, the special articles or review has a new and added irradiation."

☞"What has happened," writes C. G. of Toledo, "to the authors who give us entertaining summer reading? Are there any new books that are really amusing?" ☞This is a pertinent question. *Kindling* we found very good sport, also *Flames Coming Out of the Top*. There's a new golden trashery of Ogden Nashery (as Mr. Nash's former publishers used humorously to remark) and though we haven't seen it we gather from Mr. Untermeyer's review last week that it deserves attention. ☞But there are never enough humorous books. Our own suggestion to C. G. is to come to New York and see the Lady Garment Workers' revue *Pins and Needles* which is the most intelligently amusing achievement of the year, fresh and keen and gumptious—and with something in it that goes beyond laughter too. ☞We have an idea that for booksellers who are alert this might be a good summer, for in what a young kinsman calls the Repression more expensive pleasures will be impossible for most of us.

☞45th Street Palimpsests: a customer of Putnam's Book Store passing on a bright Monday morning sees Frank Magel inside the show-window planning a new display. The customer writes on a sheet of paper and holds it up for Mr. Magel to see. The latter, wondering if it's an order for that morocco set of Burke's Works, reads as follows: *No Window Display as Attractive as the Boss Himself.*

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